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IN AUTUMN TIME.

There sounds a rustling in the standing corn;
  There hangs a bright-cheeked apple on the bough:
And later lingers now the tardy morn,
  And evening shadows gather sooner now.

One crimson branch flames 'mid the maple woods,
  One red leaf hides amid the woodbine's green,
And clean-raked fields lie bare, where lately stood
  The tawny grain amid the summer scene.

Blue gentians show 'mid meadow grasses sere,
  And, from the stubble, shrill the crickets sing:
A requiescat o'er the dying year
  All sounds seem sadly chorusing.

HER BITTER FOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A ROMANCE ON WHEELS," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "WEDDED HANDS," "THE ORLSTONE SCANDAL," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

PERHAPS it was fortunate that Sir John was so sleepy on this particular evening, for before the next one came the Hall was filled with visitors, and Isabel could only bestow very cursory attentions upon Mr. Chalfont. Only two rooms of any importance were vacant—one which was always called "Mr. Marlingford's room," and another which upon this occasion was reserved by Miss Grantham's special instructions, for a rather important personage, Viscount Edyvean; but with these two exceptions the Hall was full, for all the other guests who had been invited to do honor to the young heiress' coming of age had arrived, and Sir John in his hospitality, had crowded the old house almost too much.

"What a good thing it is that aunt Prendergast couldn't come, papa!" remarked Isabel to her father, in the peaceful hour before dinner when all her guests were safely shut up in their rooms engaged in dressing. "If she and the girls had come there really would not have been a place where we could put them. Every room is full, excepting Lord Edyvean's. I hope he will not disappoint us—he is such a dear old fellow.

"My dear, of course your godfather will be here on your birthday," responded Sir John. "You have kept a good room for him, I hope?"

"The one he had when he was here two years ago—the pink room; every other one is full."

"Except Gerard's, my love," suggested Sir John.

"Oh, yes—except Gerard's of course!" Isabel's tone was slightly impatient. "I should think he might have come to-day, as it was arranged he should, instead of telegraphing that he will come to-morrow. I can't bear people who do not keep their appointments."

"Perhaps he had business," Sir John suggested with becoming mildness, for his daughter's expression was not of the most amiable. Just then she was heartily wishing that Gerard Marlingford would somehow contrive to keep away from the Hall altogether; but she knew him too well to believe that he would do so, and the knowledge chafed her.

"If he has business it is nothing more important than playing billiards with that horrid Major Shorthouse. Gerard ought to be ashamed of himself to make a friend of such a man. I believe he is no better than one of those dreadful swindling blacklegs whom Thackeray was so fond of writing about. He is a regular Captain Rook."

"I thought you said he was a Major, my love?" said Sir John innocently.

The good-natured little Baronet was rather stupid sometimes; he knew more about dogs and horses than about books and their authors, as Isabel knew. So now the cloud that had been gathering on her face, dispersed in a merry laugh.

"So I did, papa dear—it is all the same. Well, as I was saying, what a good thing it is that aunt Prendergast couldn't come! She and the girls would want a whole suite of rooms to themselves. What is that?"

"That" was a loud sound in the hall, as of an arrival, and Isabel, taking a step towards the door, stopped short with an expression of utter dismay. Alas, she had reckoned without her host! The plump Misses Prendergast, and their more plump mamma, accompanied by the retinue that Stephen Keene had described to his wife, were at that moment entering the hall. Isabel, as she went forward to welcome them, felt as though chaos had come again. And here was Lady Prendergast effusively begging her not to trouble—"any corner would do for her and the girls."

"Of course you are full, my love, I know—quite full—I knew you would be—I said so! But pray don't give yourself any concern about us. Perhaps you can find just one room for the girls. And, you know, any little corner will do for me."

The mere idea of Lady Prendergast in a corner was enough to bring a smile to Isabel's face, so emphatically did the lady's personality contradict the modest estimate of her requirements. But, trying to conceal her dismay, she welcomed them, and, having taken them up-stairs and disposed of them in the best way she could, she sought her father in the library, in which room he had taken refuge as soon as he had managed to free himself from the effusive embraces of his nieces and the voluble greeting of his sister.

Dinner had been postponed for half-an-hour in consequence of this unexpected arrival, and Sir John would probably have been half asleep by the fire had not Stephen Keene come in and brought some papers which it was necessary that the Baronet should at once look over. Isabel, in her mingled excitement and annoyance, gave him but a curt greeting as she turned to her father.

"Papa, what am I to do? Is it not tiresome? I am really at my wit's end. It is too bad of aunt Prendergast to take us by surprise like this, after saying so distinctly that she could not possibly come. There is not a room in which I can put them."

"Where have you put them now, my love?" speaking as though the ladies in question were so many bundles or baskets.

"I have put Marian and Sylvia Carr together—they don't mind—and given the girls Marian's room; but I have had to give aunt, Gerard's room—there is absolutely no other. And he is coming to-morrow, too!"

Isabel, having given this statement of the case, stood frowning perplexedly, and Sir John looked at her helplessly, while Stephen Keene, behind the paper which he was pretending to examine, was hiding an amused smile. Isabel, chancing to glance at him as she thus frowned and pondered, brightened suddenly.

"Oh, Mr. Keene, you see the terrible dilemma I am in! Do you think that Mrs. Keene would be so very good as to come to my rescue?"

Astonished, Stephen stared at the young lady—what could Nelly have to do with the arrival of Lady Prendergast, and the scarcity of bed-rooms at the Hall? But he replied that he was sure his wife would be only too pleased to oblige Miss Grantham in any way she could.

"It is so good of you to say that," cried Isabel gratefully; and Mrs. Keene is so kind, that I feel sure she would not mind obliging me."

"But what do you mean, my dear?" interposed Sir John. "It's all very well, but you can't expect Keene to trouble his wife to do Heaven only knows what to please you. You don't mean to send the folk off to Bramble Farm, I hope?"

"That is just what I do mean," replied Isabel wilfully—"one of them at any rate. If Gerard doesn't like it, it can't be helped—he should have come at the proper time, and then he would have been in possession of his own room. Mr. Keene do you think you could give Mr. Marlingford house-room at night until some of our visitors leave? It would be so very kind if you could?"

Stephen replied that his wife would be only too pleased to oblige her, and that everything should be done at Bramble Farm to make Mr. Marlingford comfortable. In return he received warm thanks from both father and daughter, and such a bright smile of gratitude from the brilliant gray eyes of the latter, that Marcus Chalfont, entering the room at that moment, was quite astonished, and fell to wondering what the recipient could possibly have done to merit it.

Stephen's business being over a few minutes' later, he left the room, followed by Sir John. This left the lovers to themselves for a precious five minutes—a privilege which they had not enjoyed for nearly four-and-twenty hours. And, as she knew perfectly well that her lover had hurried down-stairs for the express purpose of seeing her, Miss Isabel deigned to be very gracious to him, although she did not let sentiment obscure the practical aspects of the situation, of which she favored him with a rapid outline, winding up by saying with a sigh:

"I'm sure that if Mr. Keene had not been here I really don't know what I should have done."

"Oh, that is Mr. Keene, is it?" Marcus Chalfont said curiously. "I have often heard Sir John speak of him. He is a fine-looking fellow."

"Oh, yes; papa thinks a good deal of him; and, indeed, so do I! He is our agent, you know, and manages everything. And he has such a pretty young wife—papa raves about her. You must go with me to Bramble Farm to-morrow morning, when I go to thank her. It is very kind of them, isn't it? They are going to give Gerard Marlingford house-room at night until somebody goes away from here, and leaves a room at liberty. Aunt Prendergast and the girls have crowded us hopelessly. Wasn't it a good thought of mine to ask Mr. Keene?"

"Awfully good, darling!"—and Marcus Chalfont looked as if he really thought so. The farther Gerard finds himself from you, the better I shall like it."

"I thought of that," confessed Isabel, with a light laugh and a blush; and then, as Sir John's step was heard approaching, she slipped from his embrace and moved across to the door. "All the same, dear, you must not forget that I am to marry him, you know," she said softly, over her shoulder, and then vanished.

Stephen Keene, walking swiftly homewards, received a sudden check. He had just reached the bend of the lane which brought Bramble Farm within sight, when he was startled by a muffled groan. It was at the very spot where he had stumbled against the senseless body of his wife on that snowy night. The memory of it flashed across him vividly as he looked about him, peering keenly with his sharp eyes, for the March night was lowering and cloudy, with a pale watery moon, which was just then obscured. Crouching down against the stile and huddled up in a heap was the figure from which the groan proceeded. In a stride the young man was across the narrow lane and had laid his hand upon the crouching figure.

It started, growled something unintelligible, the cloak dropped, a battered hat fell to the ground, and there was revealed the gray hair, wrinkled face, and bright, watery eyes of a little, withered, shrunken old man. He was cold and travel-worn, pitifully shabby, and woefully hungry-looking, and yet in his face, figure, and expression there was something incongruously laughable. Big, broad-shouldered Stephen Keene, looking down at the queer little figure whom his abrupt touch had thus disturbed, pitied its evident misery and forlornness, although at the same time he felt an irresistible inclination to smile. For a moment he gazed at the wizened old face and bright, watery eyes which stared apathetically back at him; then he said with rough kindness, and giving a slight shake to the shoulder upon which his hand still rested:

"Hallo, old fellow! What's the matter? Anything wrong—eh?"

"Eh?" The voice, shrill and croaked, had something in it almost as comical as the face.

"Anything wrong?" Stephen repeated, a little louder.

"Go forth, traitor! Ha, ha—you're foiled! Do you blanch, then? I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary. To-morrow, in the battle, think of me, and fall thy edgeless sword! Ha—at last we meet!" And then the voice fell to a murmur, and the old man collapsed again.

"Why, the old fellow's cracked," muttered Stephen, perplexed, and involuntarily falling back—"mad as a hatter! Here, hallo, I say, what's your name—eh?"

He emphasized the inquiry with a vigorous shake; and, roused by it, the old man staggered to his feet and stared at his questioner, this time less blankly. Stephen repeated the question.

"Come—what's your name, old fellow, eh?"

"Tippety-witchet?" muttered the old man. "Tippety-witchet."

"What?" cried Stephen, bending down the better to hear. "What do you say?"

This time the reply was slightly more intelligible, for it was:

"Timothy Twitchett. Yes, that's my name. Timothy Twitchett—that's my name—at your service, sir."

Stephen, standing looking down at the shrunken form of Timothy Twitchett, was for the moment divided between amusement and perplexity. He hardly knew what to do with his strange companion; but of one thing he was certain—he could not leave the old fellow crouched up by the stile to face the bitter March night. He pondered for a few minutes, and then made up his mind. Nelly would be perfectly willing that Bramble Farm should shelter—for the night at least—this queer, half-crazy old creature he thought. So he said cheerfully:

"Look here, old gentleman; don't you think you had better come home with me for the night? It is getting late, and you are too tired to go on to—wherever it is you are going." He had paused midway in the last sentence, expecting to be helped out, but he was disappointed, for Timothy Twitchett made no attempt to enlighten him as to his destination. "You can go on in the morning—you'll be more fit then. Come along; it isn't far."

He had expected to be answered by remonstrance, or thanks, at any rate, but he received neither. The old man meekly yielded to the hand laid upon his shoulder, and, suffering himself to be turned towards Bramble Farm, shuffled slowly and painfully along, showing neither gratitude nor surprise. In the same way, when the house was reached, he followed Stephen across

the hall and into the warmth and brightness of the sitting-room; only when he was seated by the fire, clasping and unclasping his wrinkled hands, and blinking his eyes at the glowing blaze as if in half-unconscious appreciation of its comfort.

"I hope," Stephen muttered to himself, standing for a moment to watch the old man, after glancing quickly around the room and seeing that Nelly was not there—"I hope the old gentleman won't take it into his head to set fire to the place or himself. Shouldn't be surprised, though—he is about far enough gone for it—in one way if not in another;" for he had made up his mind that his queer old guest was either half mad or considerably more than half tipsy. "Look here," he said aloud; "I'm going to look for my wife; make yourself comfortable until I get back—sha'n't be more than a minute."

The old man half raised his head and nodded, and Stephen, giving him a good-humored nod in return, left the room. As the door closed, Timothy Twichett, as though the sound of its slam had roused him, slowly rose to his feet, and, unbuttoning his long, draggled coat, unwound from about his neck a wisp of soiled, discolored handkerchief, dropped both it and his battered hat upon the floor, and let his long, unkempt locks of gray hair fall about his quaint apple cheeks and over his lined forehead. If Stephen Keene could have seen his expression as he looked slowly round the room he would have known that he was wrong in both his suspicions, for Timothy Twitchett was neither crazy nor intoxicated. His thin lips twitched as he thus looked about him, and his blue eyes grew moist, and a tear fell upon his wrinkled hand.

Then the door opened, but it was not to admit Stephen. He had supposed that his wife was in the kitchen, and had gone there to see her, while it chanced that she was up-stairs. She had heard her husbands entrance and his step across the stone-floored hall, and had come flying down to meet him. So quick were her impulsive movements, she was half across the room and in the full glow of the ruddy firelight before she saw that it was not he who stood before her. Then she recoiled, and, reeling, leaned against the table, with one hand outstretched as though to keep off the old man, while Timothy Twitchett, seeing her, stared blankly for a moment, and then, catching in his, the extended, rigid fingers, broke out into a weak, pitiful laugh.

"Why, Nelly!" he cried, his voice rising to a shrill pipe. "It is Nelly!"

The girl drew back with a half suppressed shriek, and, snatching her hand away averted her face with a shudder. The horror, fear, amazement, and shrinking, which her expression and gesture showed, were more forcible than any words. The old man's wrinkled hands, which shook as he held them out to grasp hers, fell to his side again. His face had been joyous, fond, exulting; now, it was downcast, despondng, wondering.

"Nelly," he said ruefully, faltering, and moving a step forward, "what is it, my dear? Haven't you a word to say to old Timothy, Nelly?"

"How did you come here?" she asked, her hand upon her heaving breast, as she forced out each word with a gasp. "Quick! He will be back. Tell me?"

"I was brought here, my dear," replied the old man, evidently sorely puzzled, and looking at her uneasily. "I was brought here five minutes ago, Nelly—by the master of the house, I suppose it was. I've had bad luck since you and I parted, my dear—which wasn't your fault, I know, and only what I expected—I've been out of an engagement and have had to rough it. Now I'm on tramp."

"Well?" she said.

"Well, that's all, my dear. I haven't slept in a bed or tasted proper food for nearly a week; and to-night I think the cold and hunger together turned me queer. I should have been dead by the morning most likely, if the gentleman hadn't found me down by the stile, and brought me here. I'd better stay here for the night, he said, and we'd see how I felt in the morning. 'Tain't many that would do that much for such a poor, old, broken-down fellow as I am—eh? A kick and an oath—that's the sort of meat that's cut for tramps, Nelly, as I've told you often, my dear, haven't I? Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"Yes?" said the old man, surveying her doubtfully, and evidently half doubtful as to how she might receive any words of his. "Well, it's a fine old place to live in, too, my dear. And the gentleman who brought me home, Nelly? Who is he?"

"He is my husband."

Quietly and steadily she uttered the words, and her large eyes were fixed half-defiantly, half-entreatingly upon her questioner. He started; his twitching lips fell apart as though words strove in vain to reach them, and then he sank slowly into the chair behind him. With a sudden movement the girl fell upon her knees before him, and, snatching his shaking hand in both hers, pressed it beseechingly to her breast.

"Oh, Timothy," she cried passionately—"dear Timothy, listen to me, and have mercy upon me if you ever loved me, when you were almost the only friend I had in the world! What has happened since you and I last saw each other, I cannot tell you now—he will be back directly; but in saying that Stephen Keene is my husband I speak the truth. Oh, do not tell him what you might, I entreat you? Be merciful to me—the little girl you used to love! He loves me, and I love him—let me be happy a little longer! I have not been his wife three months yet, and every hour and minute of that time has been like heaven to me. He is all the world to me; if he was to turn from me, even for a moment, I should die." She raised the hand, which she still held, to her lips and kissed it. "See, I kneel to you, I pray to you! Oh, dear Timothy—dear old friend, say you will be merciful to me for my husband's sake. Oh, promise me?"

She sprang to her feet, her whole body quivering as she turned her eyes to the door, for outside Stephen's tread was audible. He called her name; his hand was on the knob, when she felt a tear drop on her hand, and the next moment it was unsteadily carried to Timothy Twitchett's lips and kissed. She knew that he had pledged himself. She whispered over her shoulder as she drew her hand away: "Remember, you have never seen or heard of me before to-night!"—and then Stephen, entering, saw only that the figure of his strange guest was huddled in the chair by the fire, much as he had left it, and that Nelly was looking down at it pityingly. She turned quickly towards him, and in her face he saw only curiosity and questioning.

"Why, Nelly, there you are!"—and he kissed her, not noticing that his caress was barely returned, and that she shuddered. Stephen's mind just then was full of the old man, and he was anxious to enlist his wife's sympathies in Timothy Twitchett's behalf. "I've been looking for you," he added; and then said: "Do you see, my dear?"

"Yes. Who is he?"

"That's more than I know." Stephen dropped his voice to a whisper, and drew her a little farther away. "He's about the queerest old subject I ever encountered, Nelly, and that's the fact. I found him crouched down by the second stile in the lane—close by where I found you, you know. Lucky thing I chanced to see him, for, otherwise, he'd have been dead by the morning, I verily believe. I couldn't leave him there, poor old fellow, so I thought the best thing I could do was to bring him here with me."

"Oh, yes, yes!" his wife cried quickly.

"Of course, little woman. I knew you'd say so," returned Stephen with satisfaction. "In the morning we shall learn who he is and where he is going—if he knows himself, that is; but I rather doubt it. I fancy that he's either half tipsy or half cracked."

"I don't think so, Stephen."

"Don't you? But then you haven't spoken to him."

"Yes, I spoke to him—a word or two—when I found him here."

"Of course you wondered who he was, as well you might"—and he laughed. "And so you don't think the old chap is queer or tipsy either?"

"Oh, no; I am sure he is not! He spoke quite sensibly to me."

"Well, you know best, of course, my dear," said her husband, quite satisfied, although he glanced rather doubtfully at the figure by the fire, which seemed totally unconscious of their presence, and, indeed, of everything except a certain animal enjoyment of the warmth. "If you say he is all right, of course he is, although I must say that to me he seemed to be off his head. And, as for talking sensibly, you should have heard him when I first spoke to him and roused him up. He spouted like a good one!"

"Spouted?"

"Rather—called me all the traitors and villains he could think of! He's been an actor, I suppose."

"Very likely."

"He's a queer one, whatever he is," observed Stephen, with another glance at the subject of conversation. "And his name? Did he tell it you?"

"No," replied Nelly quite faintly. "What is it?"

"Why, it's about as queer as he is himself. I declare I thought at first that he said Tippity-witchet, and was having a game with me. But it's Timothy Twitchett, it appears."

"That is nearly as funny."

"Quite, I think. Well, look here, Nelly, you'll see the old fellow, won't you? Let him have as much as he can eat and drink, for I believe he's half starved, and tell one of the girls to make him up a bed somewhere. You'll get on with him better than I shall, for upon my life I can't look at him without laughing. You don't mind, do you?"

"No, no!" cried Nelly quickly, and with an eagerness which her husband failed to notice. "I will do everything, Stephen, to make him comfortable. Don't wait, dear; there is nothing but what I can do. Didn't you tell me that you must speak to Reuben before supper about one of the horses?"

"Of course I did—I declare that queer old fellow has put everything out of my head! I'll go and see it now, while you look after him. "By the way, I've a piece of news for you and a message from Miss Grantham, but they will both keep till supper-time. Mind you give the old man as much as he can eat—it won't hurt him."

And with that Stephen Keene left the room, thinking how like Nelly it was to be so eager and ready to do all she could to make that forlorn and miserable old man comfortable."

"What a noise Hester would have made over it!" he thought; and really there was no doubt that she would, he reflected, for had she not absolutely objected to Bramble Farm giving shelter to his Nelly herself? How strangely she, his wife, had been brought under his roof, he thought, as he made his way around the house to the stable-yard; and how oddly too had this poor old Timothy Twitchett been brought there. And to-morrow there would be somebody else. He wondered what Nelly would say at the idea of having in a sense to play hostess to Mr. Gerard Marlingford.

It was half an hour or more before Stephen got back to the house. He had not hurried, thinking that he would give his wife plenty of time to dispose of the charge which he had left her; and he had lingered long enough, it appeared, for when he entered the sitting-room he saw at a glance that Nelly was alone.

She was crouching down upon her knees, her arms flung upon the seat of a chair, and her face bowed on them. She had not heard her husband enter, and he, hearing what seemed to him to be a murmur of his name, followed by a fearless, strangled sob, was across the room in a moment, and had lifted her to her feet.

"Why, Nelly, what is it, my dear?"

"Nothing—nothing." She shivered as he held her, and moved as though to get away from him; then checked the impulse and broke into a laugh, pressing her hands over her eyes. "I am tired," she went on, "and cold. I think: I keep shivering so. Don't notice me, Stephen. I grew tired and sleepy waiting for you. I believe I was dreaming horrid dreams. Sit down, dear, and let us have supper. You must be hungry; and didn't you say you had some news for me?"

But Stephen just then was not thinking of supper, or of Miss Grantham's message either. He looked at his wife anxiously; her fair face was pale—very pale; and her great eyes glittered strangely. Somehow Nelly to-night was Nelly as he had never seen her before.

"Why, Nelly, I hope you are not going to be ill. You are as pale as you were the day I found you in the snow. You don't feel ill, do you?"

"Ill? Of course not," she answered; and turning away from him, she began to busy herself with the supper-table. "I am quite well—quite: only my head aches a little. It will be better presently. Tell me your news. Did you say Miss Isabel sent me a message?"

"Yes, but that will keep for a little while, won't it? How did you get on with the old gentleman?"

"Very well; but we will talk about him presently. You forget I am curious. What is your news and what is Miss Isabel's message?"

"Curious? I should think you are!"

He was perfectly willing to follow her lead, and certainly did not notice how eagerly and anxiously she had tried to avoid the subject of Timothy Twitchett. But he remonstrated, when, instead of taking her seat at the table, she knelt down by the fender, and leaning her arm on his kept her eyes turned to the fire.

"Don't you want any supper, Nelly."

"No, I'm not hungry; tea was so late, you know," she replied.

"Late? Why, it was half an hour earlier because I had to go to the Hall! That old fellow hasn't troubled or frightened you, has he my dear?"

No, no; poor old man, how could he? Give me Miss Isabel's message, Stephen. Somehow I don't feel inclined to talk until I hear what it is."

Thus adjured, Stephen delivered the message at once, adding to it as many of Miss Grantham's thanks and pretty speeches as he could call to mind.

"She will be here in the morning to talk it over with you, Nelly," he concluded—"to be sure that you can manage it. But I told her that I knew you would be glad to oblige her. You'll have a chance of seeing what Mr. Marlingford is like. You were so full of questions about him the other day."

"Yes," Nelly assented abstractedly.

"I must say I think it's pretty cool of her to send him off, if she must send anybody," Stephen added with a smile. "It hardly looks as if she cares much about him, does it."

"No," Nelly once more assented in the same absent way.

"It's rather a good thing that she didn't take it into her head to quarter Lady Prendergast and her daughters upon us while she was about it, isn't it?"

"Very," Nelly returned as before.

"Why, Nelly,"—and Stephen put his hand upon her shoulder and bent forward to look into her abstracted face—"what's the matter with you? You say 'Yes' and 'No,' but you're in a dream all the while. I don't believe you heard two words of what I have been saying. Did you now?"

"Of course I did." She lightly passed her hand over her forehead, laughed and sprang to her feet. "I was thinking, that's all, and—and wondering what I could do for the best, you know. Of course I am glad to oblige Miss Isabel, and of course I will try to make Mr. Marlingford comfortable if he comes here. It will be no trouble since he will not be here in the day time. I will give him the best spare room. When is he to come?"

"He is timed to arrive at the Hall some time to-morrow, I believe."

"And we shall have him here by the evening, then. I wonder if he will want a sitting-room? If he does, he can use the best one, don't you think? We are so seldom in it, and we shall not want him here."

"Oh, no, we sha'n't want him with us!" Stephen assented readily. "But I don't think you need trouble about a sitting-room. It may be only for a week or two, you know, until some one leaves the Hall. And then it is only at night, and not over much of that, I expect, unless he means to be on his good behavior, and takes more sleep than he is accustomed to."

"Will he keep late hours, I wonder, queried Nelly.

She was standing now by her husband's chair, watching his face and the fire by turns. Both her manner and her voice were very quiet, but her slender hands were tight clasped together, and her eyes glittered, and in her pale cheeks a spot of vivid scarlet was beginning to burn.

"Late hours!" Stephen laughed. "Early ones are rather more in his line, I fancy. But that needn't affect us, Nelly, for we can let him have one of the door-keys. He'll ride to and from the Hall, I suppose. I must see about a loose box for his horse in the morning, by the way. I don't think he troubles himself to walk more often than he is obliged."

"What is he like, Stephen?" questioned Nelly slowly. "You did not tell me."

"Oh, all right as far as looks go—a very handsome fellow indeed! He and Miss Isabel would make a good pair in that respect, if in no other."

"I hope they won't make a pair in any way, if what you say about him is true," Nelly rejoined, and then was silent as she stood with her hand resting on her husband's shoulder, her eyes fixed dreamily upon the fire. Presently she broke the silence by saying:

"Stephen, I—I have been thinking, dear. Don't you think that we might keep him here altogether.

"What? Mr. Marlingford?" he cried, astonished, his mind naturally harking back to the last subject of conversation.

"No—no, no!" Her hand impatiently tapped his shoulder. "Not Mr. Marlingford—that old man."

"What, that old chap?" Stephen laughed and then grew grave again. "What put that into your head?"

"He is so weak and feeble, poor old fellow! No one could look at him and doubt

that the time when he could earn his living is long past. Besides, he is not used to hard work. You were right—he has been an actor, Stephen."

"I thought as much. When did he tell you so?"

"He spoke of it to-night. But it is a long while—months—since he had an engagement, and since then he has lived he hardly knows how. He is tramping, doing any odd job he can get, and, after all, only starving at it, poor old fellow! He told me that he had not slept under a roof or had a good meal for a week; and he is penniless."

"Poor old fellow!" said Stephen pityingly. "I'm sure I would do anything I could for him, Nelly—and it's like you to want it done, my darling girl—but as to keeping him here altogether, that wants a good deal of thinking over, doesn't it? The old man may not be—well, exactly honest, you see."

"Oh, yes, he is!" she said eagerly. "That is—I am sure he is, Stephen. Besides, dear, we—you could watch him a little until you were quite satisfied."

"Well, yes, so I could," he assented slowly. "But, even granting that, what could he do, my dear? You don't mean to put him to wash up the dishes and cook the dinner do you?"

"Of course not; but there are other things that he could do—jobs in the stables and the garden, and so on—don't you think he could? And there are plenty of spare rooms, and his food would make no difference, and he would be satisfied with almost no wages, I am sure."

"Oh, yes, that wouldn't make much difference, I dare say. But what makes you want to keep him here?"

"I am so sorry for him, Stephen. I think how dreadful it will be for him to go away from here in the morning not knowing where he will sleep at night or when his next meal will be eaten. Poor old man."

"But, my dear girl, you forget—he may have friends," urged Stephen.

"No; he has none—not one"—Nelly's arm stole around her husband's neck, and her cheek drooped against his—"not one in the whole world! Oh, dearest, he is as lonely and friendless and helpless and uncared for as I was that dreadful snowy night when you found me! Be as good to him as you were to me. Let him stay here because I ask you."

"Nelly!" Her voice had broken into a sob at the last words, and her husband, rising quickly, put his arm around her and turned her face to the light. Great tears were glittering on her long lashes, and he fondly kissed them away. "Crying about it?" he said, tenderly rallying her. "Why, what a tender-hearted little goose you are! Of course the old fellow shall stay if you wish it. You may adopt half-a-dozen orphans if you want, too, only don't cry—I can't stand that."

"Oh, thank you, Stephen! She kissed him as eagerly as she might have done had he granted her the greatest favor in the world, and half laughed through the bright drops which again shone in her eyes. "You are so kind; I thought you would say 'yes.' And you need not be afraid about him, dear, indeed. I am quite sure he is honest."

"We'll hope he is, and that the best spoons and that big silver tea-pot that you are so uncommonly fond of, are all safe," he returned jokingly. "But I'm afraid I can't expect to pick up two angels unawares, Nelly."

"Am I one?" she questioned wistfully.

"To me, at any rate."

"There are two kinds of angels they say;" and Nelly shook her head.

"There may be two score as far as I am concerned, since you are the only specimen I ever saw or want to see."

"Ah, suppose that by-and-by you find that I belong to the wrong kind, and that my wings are draggled?" said Nelly seriously.

But Stephen Keene only answered with a laugh—he was not fanciful. They did not again speak of Timothy Twitchett, who, exhausted as he was, had not yet fallen asleep in the comfortable bed prepared for him; but spoke of Isabel Grantham and her birthday festivities, and then of the man whom it was said she was to marry—Mr. Gerard Marlingford.

CHAPTER X.

"THERE, what did I tell you? Isn't Nelly Keene lovely?" Isabel Grantham said triumphantly, turning with her brilliant smile to her escort, Marcus Chalfont.

She had just paid her promised visit to Bramble Farm, and thus spoke as they were turning out of the white gates. At the farmhouse door Nelly's graceful figure in its plain serge gown and white apron, was standing, a shaft of pale sunshine touching her fair face and the coiled masses of her beautiful brown hair. Mr. Chalfont's keen dark eyes thoughtfully followed Isabel's involuntary glance back at her.

"Yes, she is very handsome," he admitted.

"She is nothing of the kind!" wilfully cried Isabel. "That is not the right word to apply to her—you may keep it for me when you feel complimentary. She is what I called her—lovely! I wish I had a sister like her."

"You are a generous girl, Isabel!" said her lover with involuntary admiration.

"Because I can admire beauty in others?" responded the girl with a laugh. "How mean you men must think us! It isn't that we won't admire it when we see it, but that we are more fastidious about it—that is all. And no one could help admiring Nelly Keene. I think she has the sweetest face I ever saw. And she is a lady—there is no mistaking that."

"I suppose so; yes, in manner, at any rate," Mr. Chalfont assented rather absently, so absently, indeed, that the bright eyes of his lady-love noticed his abstraction. She asked him briskly what he looked so solemn about.

"I can't help thinking, Isabel, that I have seen Mrs. Keene somewhere."

"It is hardly likely, I should think;" and Isabel arched her black brows. "You never haunted the sylvan shades of Holloway, did you?"

"I don't know that I ever was there. Did she live there?"

"So she has told me. Perhaps you have seen her in the City. She used to go backwards and forwards for her work, I believe."

"Was she a work-girl, then?"

"Yes, poor girl, after her parents died! She was a seamstress, or somethink of that kind, I believe; but you would not think it to look at her now, would you? You may have seen her, of course, and, if so, I don't wonder at your remembering—she is too pretty to be forgotten."

"Yes," Marcus assented rather absently; I certainly must have seen her somewhere, and I suppose it must have been in that way. And yet I don't associate her with a mere chance meeting!" Then, changing the subject, he asked: "And so it is all signed, sealed, and delivered, Isabel?"

"Oh, you mean about Gerard?"—and Isabel laughed. "Oh, yes, they will expect him to-night. It is very kind of them both, and a great blessing, I am sure, for with aunt Prendergast and the girls on my hands, I know that I should have been fairly out of my wits by this time. So he will find that he has two places at which to take up his quarters."

"At what time is he due?" asked Chalfont.

"Really I don't know. His telegram did not mention any time. But, if he had intended to catch any particular train, he would be sure to miss it."

"And then your party will be complete?"

"Indeed it will not. You forget the greatest feather in my social cap, Lord Edyvean."

"I suppose he is sure not to disappoint you?"

"Oh, quite sure! He is my godfather, you know, and has always promised that he would give me something pretty when I was twenty-one. Why, you don't want him not to come, do you Marcus? I think he is just the dearest, handsomest old man in the world." Miss Grantham delighted in glowing adjectives sometimes.

"The best old fellow in the world," said her companion heartily. "You can't like old Edy better than I do, darling. He has been a good friend to me."

"Has he?" cried Isabel, with a flush and an eager brightening of her gray eyes. "I didn't know that—I thought you were merely formal acquaintances. Oh, I shall like him better than ever now!"

"The best friend in the world!" Marcus repeated with energy; and would have been better still had he been a rich man instead of almost a poor one. What little standing and position I have I owe to him. For a young man like me, with my own way to make in the world and in society, the friendship of a man who is known as he is, is invaluable."

"Does he know you are down here?" Isabel gave her lover's arm a slight squeeze, and himself a glance of kindness and congratulation which was as good as a speech.

"Oh, yes! He knew as soon as I had contrived to fish my invitation out of Sir John. But that is all he does know as yet, Isabel."

"Well?" queried the girl.

She knew that he was alluding to the secret engagement of which the innocent and irascible Sir John was for the present to know nothing, and her bright look was an encouragement for him to go on.

Marcus Chalfont was a straightforward man, and he believed in the Socratic method—naturally—so he said at once—

"Isabel, don't you think we had better tell him?"

"Do you?"

"I do. I have been thinking it over, and I do. Now, it is pretty evident that, although Sir John likes me well enough now, he certainly wouldn't like me in any other character."

"Dear old daddy! How dreadfully he will storm," said Isabel, with undutiful flippancy.

"Of course he will; and although I am perfectly resigned to that, still, it would be as well to have a friend at court if possible. Don't you think so?"

"Would Lord Edyvean be a friend at court?" asked the girl rather doubtfully.

"Certainly he would." Mr. Chalfont began to sum up the facts of the case in a forensic manner. "To begin with, old Edy is as romantic a man as ever lived. Why, I have seen him cry over a novel a dozen times, and they say that when he sees pathetic plays his sobs are audible from the stalls to the back row of the pit."

"What nonsense!" cried Isabel with a laugh. "I don't believe it."

"Well, I give it to you for what it is worth—I don't pretend to vouch for its accuracy. Well, to continue—I know that he would do a good deal for me, and he is very fond of you, isn't he?"

"I believe so."

"Of course he is. Then he has pretty strong influence with Sir John?"

"Nobody," declared Isabel, with the solemnity born of experience, "has any sort of influence with Sir John when he is out of temper."

"Granted; but then he can't always be out of temper."

"No," allowed Isabel musingly—"perhaps not. He is certainly rather 'thunderstormy;' but then thunderstorms never last long, do they?"

"Besides," went on the young man with a look of fond pride at the brilliant gipsy-face beside him, "he can't be angry with you for long if he tries. I'll defy him to do that. But I want to avoid any storm at all."

"Very wise, dear. But how to avoid it?"

"I think I have stated the best course. Let Lord Edyvean be our friend at court, if he will; and I am tolerably sure about that."

"And is that the full and complete statement of your case, most learned lawyer?" asked Isabel gaily.

"Not quite." Marcus Chalfont paused, and was not so ready with his fluent tongue as usual, and his dark face flushed. "Upon my word," he faltered, "I hardly like to say what I feel I must Isabel. It is rather a hard thing to speak against a man who is one's rival."

"Is it?" and Miss Grantham arched her black brows again. "I don't think every one would find it so. And you need not trouble to say anything about Gerard to me, Marcus. I shall keep my promise."

"My darling, I know—don't think I doubt that. But, Isabel, do you think that your father, who wants you to marry him, knows the kind of character that society gives your cousin? Personally I know little of Marlingford; but I fancy that Lord Edyvean could enlighten Sir John. Mind, Isabel, Edyvean knows nothing of the relationship existing between you and me; and he told me the other day that were you his daughter he would sooner see you dead than Gerard Marlingford's wife."

"No one will ever see me that. And as to my father, you must know, if you understand him at all, that he has never willingly suspected or thought badly of any one in his life. And he likes Gerard—I believe in a way feels bound to like him because he is related to us. Of course I know that Gerard is awfully extravagant and reckless; but so are hundreds of others, if that is any excuse. He isn't any better than others, of course, but at least I hope he is not worse."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERE are 400 Mormon bishops in Utah, 2423 priests, 2947 teachers and 6854 deacons. Salt Lake City is divided into wards of eight or nine blocks each, and a bishop is put in charge of each ward. Under him there are two teachers, whose business it is to learn the employment and income of every resident of the ward and report the same to the bishop. Then the bishop collects the tenth of each man's income and turns it in to the church authorities.

CHARITY is the first mortgage on every human being's possessions.

Bric-a-Brac.

A SNAIL'S PACE.—Computations of the snail's pace and the distance a creeping infant travels in a day have been made, and now a country paper, continuing in about the same line of mathematics, figures on the wagging of a dog's tail. It finds that the tip of such member—the latter 13 inches long—would travers during the mean lifetime of the dog a distance about equal to the circumference of the earth—or to be exact, 25,433 miles.

THE BALL.—Tennis is a truly classical game; highly esteemed by the most respectable Greeks and Romans; mentioned by Homer, Herodotus, Pliny, Horace, and recommended by Galen as one of the most salutary exercises. It ought not to be forgotten that the ball, the little implement which has afforded so much health and pleasure, is said to have been invented by Aganella, a beautiful young lady of Corcyra, who presented the first she ever made, with directions how to use it, to the princess Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinous, spoken of in Homer.

FREEZING HEAT.—A person who has never been in the polar regions can possibly have no idea of what cold really is. Dr. Moss, of the polar expedition of 1875 and 1876, among other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was 35 degrees below zero; and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing.

THE MOUSTACHE.—When moustaches were in general use, an author, in his "Elements of Education," published in 1640, says: "I have a favorable opinion of that young gentleman who is 'curious in fine moustachois.' The time he employs in adjusting, dressing and curling them, is no lost time; for the more he contemplates his mustachois, the more his mind will cherish, and be animated by masculine and courageous notions. The best reason that could be given for wearing the longest and largest beard of any Englishmen, was that of a worthy clergyman in Elizabeth's reign: 'that no act of his life might be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance.'"

THE "SUNDOWNER."—In Australia, in the bush, and in all "up country districts," at farm-houses and stations, quarters are always provided for strangers who may be in need of a night's lodging, and the manager will supply the wayfarer with his supper, but should the stranger arrive before sunset, he is naturally expected to lend a hand and do some work about the place, by way of earning the shelter and supper ungrudgingly supplied. The "sundowner" is an able-bodied tramp, with a strong disinclination to work. He perambulates the country, nightly receiving the hospitality of the farmers and station-managers whom he honors with his presence, but being always careful to arrive at or after, never before, sundown, so that he may eat the bread of idleness and sleep the sleep of the slothful.

THE WALK OF CRIME.—An Italian physician has made a curious study of the differences between criminals and law-abiding citizens as exhibited by their walk. He not only has shown how we may distinguish criminals in general, but has laid the beginning of the differential diagnosis between various evil-doers. He found that in criminals in general (obtained from the study of forty criminals) the left pace was longer than the right, the lateral deviation of the right foot was greater than that of the left, and the angle formed by the axis of the foot with the straight line was greater on the left side than on the right. It would thus seem that, in general, the gait of a criminal betrays a marked preponderance of power of the left foot over the right—a true sinistrality. This also agrees with the discovery that criminals are very often left-handed.

REPENTENCE must not become a state beyond which one makes no advance, not a fruitless brooding over ourselves and our past, so that we come to no volition for the future. But what is entirely overlooked is this truth, that what is important for a man is not only what he does, but what he becomes; and, moreover, not only what we ourselves do, but just as much what God does and works in us. It is overlooked that repentence is a necessary transition in the religious life-development of man, a necessary element in the moral creation of man, in order that he may come to die to sin and become what God has determined.

MORE THAN ENOUGH.

BY L. E. W.

'Tis years since I first heard a merry old song,
Whose music has chimed in my ears for so long,
That it now seems a part of the work of the day
To hum the words o'er in my own quiet way;
To hum the words o'er, and then breathe a sigh,
As my voice tender grows, and a tear dims my eye,
And this is the theme of the song that has grown
To seem as if almost a strain of my own:—
"Heigho! I am afraid
Too many lovers will spoil the maid."

I sang this to Jane in the dear long ago,
When she was quite pretty, and I was her beau;
I thought she would learn well the lesson it taught,
I sang for a purpose, and never for naught;
But Jane only laughed at all I would say,
And lovers, new lovers, were there every day;
So I was left lonely in sorrow to dream,
And hum the words o'er of my now sad'ning theme:—
"Heigho! I am afraid
Too many lovers will spoil the maid."

Now I am old, and my hair it is white,
And Jane's hair is turning, although it is light;
I live in my cottage a bachelor still,
And Jane is a maiden just over the hill.
Now when I meet her, and see her forced smiles,
I think of the girl and her well-studied wiles,
And I dare not yet ask her to name the day,
For I know that a chorus would tauntingly say,
"Heigho! I am afraid
Too many lovers will spoil the maid."

Fettered, Yet Free.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—(CONTINUED.)

AS time went on she grew to tremble at sight of him, to fear his cold and sneering words even more than his occasional outbursts of passion, terrible as these were. At first she tried to laugh him out of his jealous anger, then she grew proud and cold—she was a very proud woman, and tried to face him bravely, although when he had left her, her maid would tell me that she often swooned, and lay like one dead; but she never attempted to soften him—she never, as she might have done so easily, strove to win him over by gentle words and caresses; she defied him, and embittered him more and more against her. Then we came here, to this ill-omened house.

"I was something to him then; he turned to me for sympathy, he gave me his confidence; I was no longer merely a poor dependent, I was a power in his household—a far stronger power than his wife—and the servants looked up to me. I felt the time was at hand when he would turn to me for the love she refused him, and when, but for her, I might become his wife. Moreover, he was unhappy, most unhappy. He chafed at sight of her pale face and languid movements; soon he would hate and despise her; while she was miserable, alone in this great, lonely house, and friendless; she would not write to her sister in India, because it was she, Mrs. Geith, who had been instrumental in bringing about the marriage, and she did not wish to make her unhappy.

"One night I saw her, after a scene with him, creep away to her room, with a strange look on her face, a look of desperate resolve and determination. My heart beat high with hope; women—less unhappy than she was—had been tempted to seek death as a panacea for their sufferings; might not she also be tempted? But perhaps he, too, had seen that look, for he followed her up to her rooms, where he never went now, and I saw neither of them again that night; in the early morning her maid came to me and said they were reconciled. I went mad then; I knew that I had failed,—failed on the very threshold of success—and I could not brook failure. I was planning my revenge, when he sent for me, and spoke to me coldly and sternly, and said that he would provide another home for me, that the same roof could no longer shelter her and myself. I remember that I smiled when I thanked him, and left him with a fell purpose in my heart.

"Not his death! Ah, no, no, not his death, but hers. It was so easy to encompass it. She drank at breakfast a cup of coffee which I prepared for her—she had once approved of my coffee—and this morning when I carried it into the dining room I saw them standing together, his arm around her, his head bent over hers, so absorbed in her that he never saw me enter; and then and there I poured some of the contents of a phial I always carried with me into the cup of coffee, the cup which he drank.

"Could I tell you, even if I wished to do so, the agony I suffered when I knew the truth? Think! I loved him, and I had killed him. How my tortured brain did not fail me, I do not know. I think what saved it was that, through all, I looked upon her as guilty, not upon myself. She was the cause of his death, she had killed him, she should suffer.

"You know the rest, doubtless, from her lips; you know that I pursued her with relentless hatred; you know, or you will guess, that I put into her pocket the phial which was found there, and which seemed conclusive evidence of her guilt. All helped me; her illness which prevented any explanation; her friendlessness; the feeling which I did my best to excite against her which existed in the neighborhood. I felt no remorse at her suffering, I feel none now; she deserved to suffer. But for her, he would have been living still.

"Even had the trial ended otherwise, had she been condemned, I should have held my peace. It was but justice in my eyes that she should suffer, and that her suffering was greater than I imagined I believe now. If she loved you, Sir Hugh Danecourt, and left you because the stigma upon her name rendered her unfit to be your wife, she must have endured a great and bitter anguish, for she could love. I render her this justice now before I put her out of my life for ever.

"Had she been living to benefit by them, these words, which I write to you in the solitude of night, would never have been penned. Since she is dead, you may make what use of them you will. As I told you, death is always near me. Not only do I carry with me a phial which would instantly and painlessly end my life, but I carry with me also the seeds of an incurable disease of the heart which may be fatal at any minute—which cannot but be fatal ere long. I do not fear you or any other. Do as you will with this. It proves her innocence and my guilt, and it will satisfy you and the world."

That was all, save her name at the end, and beneath it again the name of Janet Holden, as witness.

The paper fluttered out of Hugh Danecourt's hand and lay unheeded among the heather at his feet; the sunshine was dark before his eyes; for a few moments it seemed to him that the soft summer air had suddenly grown damp and cold.

"Oh, Cecil! Cecil!" he murmured sadly, "Too late, my love, too late!"

The day wore on. He sat there motionless, with sad and sorrowful heart. Cecil had never seemed so utterly lost to him as she did at this moment.

The proofs of her complete innocence were his now, he could prove it to the world, yet they had come too late to be of any service, too late to give her a few short years of happiness and peace and honor before she went to

"Where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

How long he sat there motionless he hardly knew, but after a time he saw Doctor Price coming towards him up the hill, looking tired and worn.

Sir Hugh rose and went towards him, looking the inquiry he could not utter.

The doctor shook his head.

"It was heart disease," he said quietly, pushing back his hair from his forehead with the gesture which had already become familiar to Sir Hugh. "The unhappy creature is spared the crime of self-murder, I am thankful to say. Her death was instantaneous and painless, hastened perhaps, but not certainly, by the excitement o' her interview with us and her confession. My groom brought this over for you," he added, handing a telegram to Sir Hugh, as they stood together among the heather which made the hills purple with its beautiful profusion.

The young man opened it rather listlessly; but as he read the few words he swayed slightly and grew white to his lips. Doctor Price caught him by the arm.

"No ill news, I trust?" he said gently. "Sit down, man; you are not fit to stand up."

Sir Hugh looked at him with eyes which, dim as they were, saw something of the anxiety on the doctor's face, and he held out his trembling hand.

"Sometimes joy is harder to bear than sorrow," he said unsteadily. "Read this, doctor, while I try to feel grateful enough for this wondrous mercy."

He put the pink-hued missive into Doctor Price's hand, and, after one quick glance at him, the surgeon read as follows—

"From Laura Geith, Peacock Court, Chumley, to Sir Hugh Danecourt, care of Doctor Price, Llanarvon. Come here at once. We have found her."

Hester Brand's confession had not come too late.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE early morning train by which Cecil had left Carlingford arrived duly at its destination, but Cecil was not in it when it glided into the busy London terminus.

As they had sped on swiftly through the quiet morning, and Cecil in the solitude of the empty compartment in which she traveled had had time to realize the step she had taken, a sudden fear had come over her; London was so far from Danecourt, so far from Laura, and it was so large it would be horrible to be alone in London.

Would it not be as effectual if she got out at one of the stations on the way; some little country place where she would find cheap lodgings, and where she would have, at least, pure, fresh air instead of smoke and dirt and the unloveliness of the poorer parts of London.

They would not find her there, she thought, and it would be easier for Laura to come to her there, when the end was near, than to go to London.

For when she was dying she would send for Laura; she could not die alone, she must have Laura with her to hold her hand in her passage through the dark valley of the shadow of death: Laura who had been her good angel all her life long.

At first these thoughts passed through her brain dreamily and vaguely, but after a time she grew restless.

As the brief repose rested her tired limbs, the monotony and loneliness became unbearable; the train, slowly as it went, was too swift for her, since it was bearing her away from all she loved. She would leave it, she would not go to London.

They had passed several stations ere she found strength and resolution to carry her project into effect, but when they stopped at a little roadside station she left the train.

There was no one visible but a sleepy-looking porter who took her ticket and told her in answer to her question, which seemed to surprise him, that the village was three miles from the station, but it was in a straight road.

He looked after her in a puzzled manner as she left the little platform, and began slowly making her way along the dusty high road, a slender, drooping, black figure plodding through the white dust.

The heat was intense, for the sun was high in the heavens, and there was no shade on the highway; the air felt hot and scorching; the poor little, weary, thinly-shod feet went ever so slowly, ever so wearily through the dust.

Cecil was faint from inanition and fatigue, but there was not a house or cottage in sight where she could ask for food and drink. Even had there been she would not have done so, she was too confused and bewildered with misery.

When she had walked about a mile, a road branching off to the right made her pause. It was more a lane than a road, and the shelter of its high hedges on either side looked grateful to the weary, dazzled eyes.

She turned into it, and had wandered another mile before she became aware that she was going farther and farther away from the village, into the heart of a fair agricultural country. With a little sigh she turned and retraced her steps.

She was very weary by this time, weary and sick at heart, her eyes were growing dim as she plodded on; once or twice she stumbled as if about to fall, but she recovered herself, and shaking off the growing unconsciousness, went on bravely enough.

Through it all she held to her resolve—they should not know where she was until—until there could be no harm to them in the knowledge.

What were they doing now? she wondered feebly. Had they discovered that she was gone? Would it grieve them much—would they be very sorry? Poor Laura! Poor Hugh! Would he believe that she loved him, although she had left him; that she had left him because she loved him?

How hot it was!—how terribly hot! And she was so weary, it was with difficulty that she dragged her weary limbs over the road. Were ever three miles so long—so awfully long? Would they never end?

But when they ended, Cecil was hardly in a condition to realize that she was within reach of help and assistance. She was stumbling blindly on, staggering as she went, with dim eyes and parched lips, when she fell against something which rose up before her suddenly, as it were, and against which she stood leaning stupidly for a minute or two, with some vague notion that something had arisen to impede her progress. When the faintness cleared she found that she was leaning against a carefully kept and very thick privet hedge by the roadside, and that beyond the hedge was a large, strange looking house.

It was a long, stone building, divided from the road by a strip of grass, skirted by the privet hedge; the grass was cut out here and there into stiff, round beds in which some roses were blooming, and the house wore an air of perfect peace and old-world retirement which soothed Cecil, as she looked at it with dim eyes over the green luxuriance of the hedge.

She had gazed at it dreamily for a few minutes, standing faint and motionless where she had first halted, when, mechanically, and, as it were, without volition of her own, she moved on, leaning against the hedge as she went, until she came to a little wicket gate which divided the hedge in two, and opened on to a narrow, stone-paved pathway leading to the door.

Standing without the gate, with one shaking hand upon the topmost rail, the girl looked over it at the quaint old house which stood in such a generous flood of golden sunshine. She looked at it vaguely, like one in a dream; yet she noticed its quaint old-world look, the huge massive stone walls, the pointed Norman arch, hospitably open, and admitting a stream of golden sunshine into the passage into which it led, a passage which ran through the house and opened into an old-fashioned garden at its other end. All these things Cecil saw and remembered afterwards as things seen in a dream.

On either side of the wicket gate was a yew tree, quaintly cut into the shape of a peacock, which for many a generation had been mounting guard there, and standing like sentinels guarding the quaint old court. Cecil saw these also, as she stood languidly leaning on the gate, too feeble, almost, for thought, yet wondering vaguely if she dared go to that open door and ask for a glass of water.

She did not dare; a sick terror was upon her; she remembered in that terrible moment the bitter words and scornful looks which had met her once before when she was lonely and friendless; they would greet her here, too, if she asked for help. She——

There was a short period of darkness. The growing feeling of unconsciousness against which she had striven so bravely overcame her for a few moments; but for the support of the gate she would have fallen.

When she recovered some idea of where she was, she was weaker than before, and could scarcely stand.

There was no one in sight, no human being who could give her succor, no one who could stretch out a kind hand for her support or speak words of good cheer in her failing ears.

The girl stood alone, desolate and forlorn, the dust thick upon her black dress and upon her golden hair, her head sunk forward on her breast.

Oh, that hot, cruel summer sunshine which poured so relentlessly down upon her unsheltered head! Oh, the weary, fainting heart, the aching, trembling limbs, the weary and blistered feet, the parched and ashen lips!

How could Hugh Danecourt have borne to see her now in her sore strait? His beloved, on whom, if he could have guarded her, no rough breath of heaven would be allowed to blow!

Presently there came to her ears dully the sound of voices; it came from behind the house, and was audible through the open hall door down that long passage. Cecil heard it faintly, yet it roused in her failing heart the desire for human sympathy and help, which she was but just capable of feeling.

Mechanically she put her shaking hand on the latch of the gate; it did not yield readily to her touch, and her momentary impulse of courage died away, her hand sank helplessly to her side.

It seemed to her, in her weakness, that the gate was purposely closed against her, that there were no pitiful hearts behind those stone walls and diamond-shaped window panes.

She was relapsing into semi-unconsciousness again; the scent of the roses came to her where she stood, reminding her dimly of Hugh, and the Gate House, and happier days; she stood leaning against the gate, her weary head had fallen back against the privet hedge, her eyes were closed, her breath was coming in faint gasps from her white, dry, and parted lips, when the sound of slow, heavy footsteps reached her failing senses. She opened her eyes languidly, no one was in sight, yet the footsteps were coming nearer, they sounded more clearly even to her dull ears; with a desperate effort she raised her weary head and leaned forward. There was a film before her eyes, and she could see nothing clearly, but down a narrow, paved pathway by the side of the house came a slowly-moving figure of a man.

Towards her? Yes, towards her, the failing eyes imagined, but they were mistaken; the steps suddenly cease to sound, they had passed on to the soft green sward and were going towards the house, away from Cecil. The urgency of the case brightened her failing vision, and, leaning forward, she saw the stout, round-shouldered figure of an elderly gentleman, clad in quaintly cut grey garments and gaiters, moving slowly towards the house. His back was turned to her, and he did not see her; in a minute he would be out of sight, and her last hope would be gone; she held out her hands imploringly, but when she tried to speak no words came, her voice had failed her, she stood like one suddenly stricken mute.

Still holding out one hand in her voiceless agony of supplication, Cecil, in her desperation, once more tried the latch of the wicket gate. This time it was not so obdurate, it yielded, but noiselessly, to her touch; she pushed it open, then, as she saw that he had reached the door, that in another minute he would disappear, a dreadful, inarticulate cry escaped her white lips, a cry at sound of which the old gentleman turned with a nervous start.

What an awful cry! Who had uttered it? Cecil wondered feebly, as she stood with one hand stretched out, and her eyes fixed on the kindly, startled face turned towards her, the face which gradually grew dim and faded away as a cloud of great darkness overshadowed her, and she lost all sense of her misery in a merciful and blessed unconsciousness.

CHAPTER XLIV.

"HOW hot it is! How terribly hot!"

"It is very hot, dear! Let me fan you a little. Look at this charming old fan of Mrs. Elmores. Is it not worth a dozen of our little ones?"

"Everything that belongs to Mrs. Elmore is charming," said the pretty, pathetic voice which had first spoken. "And she is charming herself, Laura; is not she?"

"Very charming and very good! She and the squire make quite an ideal pair, Cecil."

"Quite," Cecil answered with a faint smile, then moving her head rather restlessly, she added—"What time is it now, Laura?"

"A quarter past four, dear."

"Only that? Oh, it must be more! It is quite an hour since I asked you. The clock must have stopped."

"Oh, no, dear; don't you hear it ticking?" Laura said gently. "Does the time seem very long to you, Cecil?"

"No, not very," Cecil answered, with a remorseful note in her pretty, pathetic tones; "but a little long, Laura?"

"Why not try to sleep, dear?"

"Because you would not wake me when he came!" Cecil rejoined quickly; "and I would not lose one of our minutes together for anything now, Laura!"

Laura Geith's lip quivered a little, and the hand which held the large, old-fashioned fan was a trifle unsteady; but she went on steadily and slowly fanning her sister, and for a short space there was silence in the room where they sat together.

It was a large, low-ceiled room, with very deep window-seats, showing the vast thickness of the great stone walls.

A polished oak floor, dark with age; a

high, narrow, wooden mantel-shelf, with some pretty old cups and saucers upon it; wainscoted and paneled walls, and curtains of chintz of an old-fashioned pattern of large, faded blue flowers on a soft cream-colored ground.

There was a small white bed in a corner, the only really modern article of furniture in the room, but it was lost in the wide space of the apartment; and the massive old walnut-wood wardrobes and chests, and the huge old-fashioned sofa, drawn up near the open window, put it completely in the background.

The couch, which would have accommodated easily half-a-dozen little fragile forms like the one reclining on it, was upholstered in large flowered chintz similar to that of which the curtains were made; and Cecil was propped up in a little sea of white-frilled pillows, which made her look very delicate and fragile.

Her sister was seated in a low chair by her side, the book which they had been reading lay open on her lap, and an old china bowl full of old-fashioned cabbage roses stood on the little table at her elbow.

The windows were open, and the soft summer air, moving among the honeysuckle which clambered about them in such profusion, wafted its fragrance into the quiet room.

Where Cecil rested among her pillows she could see the fair landscape which the upper windows of Peacock Court commanded—fields of corn ripening in the hot August sun, with the scarlet and blue of the cornflowers brightening their pale gold; the blue sky above, with little fleecy white clouds floating here and there; the beautiful old elm trees, with their luxuriant foliage.

The girl's dreamy eyes wandered over the fair scene with a look of wistful regret; the world was a beautiful one, and she was so young to die!

For she was dying, she had no other thought in her mind, she had no other hope.

Only let her live until Hugh came—let her see him once more, and ask him to forgive her all he had suffered through her, and she would be ready to go the land where sorrow and suffering are unknown.

For weeks she had lain in the agony of brain fever, under the hospitable roof of Peacock Court.

Once more in her sad, short life she had lost all sense of her misery in the agony of her throbbing temples and aching head and the fierce heat which consumed her, the burning thirst which nothing could quench.

Day and night the kind mistress of Peacock Court nursed her, listening with aching heart to the delirious words which fell from her lips—words which gave no clue to her identity; even in her madness she was careful to guard her secret, until one day, at eventide, when the last rays of the setting sun crept in at the windows of her chamber, the aching eyes had closed in sleep and she had slept peacefully until the dawn of the next day.

And when she awoke there was no longer in her eyes the fevered light of delirium; they met the kindly, anxious, blue eyes bending over her with a wistful, questioning glance, and strayed round the strange, unfamiliar room; then the white lids sank again and sleep once more claimed her.

When she awoke again the sun was high in the heavens, and the kind face was still beside her.

Her eyes rested on it for a few moments, then went to another face, which also watched her with looks of passionate interest.

And this face, the last thing on which her eyes had rested before she lost consciousness, brought something like remembrance back to her. She looked up pleadingly into it, and her white lips moved:

"There were peacocks at the gate," she murmured, and the squire's eyes were dim as he patted the frail little hand, which no longer burned with fever, and joined his kind wife in giving welcome to the wanderer who had fallen upon their threshold and had been nursed back to life by their tender care.

The flame of life flickered in the frail weak form so feebly that more than once the watchers beside the small white bed had thought that it would die out altogether, and the kind old village doctor had shaken his head and looked very grave, and his grave looks had perhaps awakened Cecil to his thoughts, for one day she turned feebly to the kind, stately old lady who had never left her save for necessary rest and food.

"I am very ill," the girl said in her faint whisper. "I am very ill, am not I?"

"You are very ill, my dear," Mrs. Elmore said very gently, deeming it but right that she should know the truth.

"Am I dying?" Cecil said, with a feeble attempt at lifting herself upon her pillows, and a sudden eager light in her sweet eyes. "Ah, you need not be afraid to tell me, Mrs. Elmore."

"Doctor Heyland fears so, my child," the old lady faltered, with tears rolling down her cheeks, tears which did not blind her to the joy which flashed over the thin white face on the pillows.

"Then," faintly yet so eagerly, "I may send for Laura—Laura may come to me now? Oh, how glad I am! how glad I am to be dying!"

And Laura came, and with Laura came her lover, Richard Baxter, who ruthlessly cut short an interview between the sisters by insisting on claiming his privileges as embryo brother-in-law and medical man, and with Doctor Heyland made so exhaustive an examination of the patient that Cecil was very weary long before it was finished, and when it was over was quite content to fall asleep again with Laura's hand in hers.

And when she awoke and found Laura sitting beside her bed, such a look of wistful longing, such an intense yearning came into her eyes that it would not have needed Laura's quick affection to interpret it. She knelt down by the sofa, and took the little hands in hers.

"What is that longing in your eyes, Cecil?" she said softly.

Cecil hesitated for a moment, then said faintly yet eagerly—

"To see him! Only to see him, Laura! Oh, it will not be *wrong*, will it? It cannot hurt him because—because I am dying."

"You shall see him, Cecil," Mrs. Gelth answered gently, and a few minutes later one of Squire Elmore's grooms was speeding away to the station on one of the fastest horses in his stables, with the message which found Hugh Danecourt standing amid the heather lifting up his heart in thankfulness for the knowledge that his darling's memory was cleared. And not her memory, but her name, for—Cecil lived!

It was pitiful to see how eagerly the sick and, as she thought, dying girl husbanded her strength after the despatch of the missive which was to bring Hugh Danecourt to her side again; not with any hope of winning back even some few days or weeks of health, but in order, as Laura knew, that she might live until he came.

She forced herself to take nourishment; she no longer sickened and turned away from the medicine offered her; she would lie quiet and silent even when not asleep, in order to husband what little strength she had to the uttermost; and it was only when the time grew near when he might be expected that her impatience and eagerness found vent in restless movements of her head and hands.

She had insisted on being dressed and afterwards carried to the sofa, whence she could see the white road, that long, dusty road on which she had wandered with such tired feet and bewildered senses in her flight from the true lover, whom she was looking for now with such longing eyes.

It was pathetic, too, to see how anxious she was about her appearance, how patiently, even in her restlessness, she allowed Laura to brush out her pretty hair and robe her in one of the white, lace-trimmed peignoirs Sir Hugh had admired at the Gate House.

"Make me look nice," she pleaded, in her sad, pretty voice. "He must not think me changed, he must have a pleasant recollection of me for the last. Oh, Laura! do you think I shall live until he comes?"

That was her one fear as she lay on the roomy, old sofa in her dainty invalid gown, whose soft ruffles hid some of the emaciation of her once so pretty figure.

To die before he came he dreaded, while to live until he came was her one great longing!

"I can't die without seeing him," she said piteously once to Laura. "Do not let me die until he comes! don't let me die until he comes!"

The kind, old-fashioned couple who had spent their forty years of cloudless, happy life under the roof of Peacock Court, had learned Cecil's story from her sister's lips.

Cecil had begged Laura to tell them, fearing—but not fearing much—lest they should deem her guilty and withdraw their friendship from her; but the squire had listened to the narration with a frowning brow, and when it was over had rapped out a few hearty anathemas against the folly and ignorance there was in the world, and both he and his kind wife had redoubled their kindness and affection for their unhappy guest.

Cecil had crept into their childless hearts in her weakness, and they had grown to love the patient young sufferer very tenderly, while their tenderness had done much to heal the cruel wounds which her sad past had inflicted in the girl's heart.

Her face had lost much of its sadness, Laura Gelth thought, as she watched its pale, sweet beauty, framed in the fair, white linen and cambric of the voluminous pillows.

Suddenly Cecil turned to her, her face quivering with a sudden dread.

"Do think he is angry with me?" she whispered; "do you think he is too angry to come?"

"There is no thought of anger in his heart against you, Cecil," her sister said very softly. "He knows, as we all know, that it was for his own sake that you went."

"Does he know that?" Cecil murmured. "Yet—he does not come."

The words had hardly escaped her lips when the sound of wheels rapidly approaching brought a sudden swift rush of color to her face.

"He is coming!" she breathed rather than uttered. "Help me up, Laura!—help me up!"

She was standing supported by Laura's arms when the door opened, and thus Hugh saw her, a shadowy, white figure, with radiant eyes and outstretched arms. She made a step towards him as he came, and then with one uncontrollable sob of joy and pain, which even the strong restraint he was putting upon himself could not repress, he caught her to his fiercely-throbbing heart, and her sweet head fell upon his shoulder.

"At last! at last!" the young man murmured, but Cecil said nothing.

She was hardly conscious at the moment even of his fond clasp; life seemed to be drifting away from her as she lay upon his breast.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE INDIAN COIN TRICK.

An English gentleman, lately in the Bengal civil service, in a recent article gives an amusing account of some of the tricks of an Indian juggler. He says: When he entered the room he spread a cloth upon the floor and sat down upon it, with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on his right hand.

His spectators were disposed in the following manner: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room. I was sitting on a sofa near the door, the Parsee merchant stood in the doorway about arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjuror.

As soon as he had settled himself he turned to the Parsee and asked for the loan of a rupee. The Parsee at first demurred a little, but, on being guaranteed against loss, he produced the coin. He was going to put it into the conjuror's hand, but the latter refused, and told the Parsee to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer. The bearer took it, and, at the request of the conjuror, looked at it and declared it to be really a rupee.

The conjuror then told him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue:—Conjuror: "Are you sure that is a rupee?" Smyth: "Yes." Conjuror: "Close your hand on it and hold it tight. Now think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thought."

Then the conjuror ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia and America (for the native of India is under the impression that America is in Europe). After a moment's pause Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a country. "Then open your hand," said the juggler, "see what you have got, and tell me if it is a coin of the country you have thought of." It was a five-franc piece, and Mr. Smyth had thought of France.

He was going to hand the coin to the conjuror, but the latter said: "No; pass it to the other sahib." Mr. Smyth accordingly put the five-franc piece into my hand; I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found, not a Russian but a Turkish silver-piece, about the size of a five-franc piece, or of our own crown piece.

This I handed to Mr. Smyth, and suggested that he should name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjuror's hand from the time it was borrowed from the Parsee merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had closely examined the rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I had several times turned over the five-franc piece, the Turkish coin and the dollar; so the trick did not depend on a reversible coin. Indeed, it could not, for the coin underwent three changes, as had been seen.

The juggler performed several other tricks that day, but they were of a commonplace kind, and in no way comparable to the coin trick, which I have never seen rivalled by any other conjuror in India or Europe.

ABOUT EYES.—"What do you consider the most beautiful eyes?" one questioned. "Well, they're very scarce," said the old gentleman, letting his eyes wander over the half-dozen faces before him. "Not one here has got the ideal eye. It's a perfect violet or a velvet brown, as soft and gentle as a doe's. Violet eyes are very rare. I don't mean deep blue eyes, but genuine purple eyes. Babies have them sometimes, but I've only seen one or two women with them, and never a man. They denote too perfect a character for that—gentleness, intelligence, devotion, and boundless faith. These virtues are often found combined in one person. Brown eyes? Yes, they are plentiful, and physically, perhaps, the most beautiful eyes in the world. I think they come next to the violet eyes when they are light enough to read deep feeling in them. Dark brown eyes are too deep. They seldom mirror the heart's feelings, but are fine to look at."

"Gray eyes are the most common in the world; so what in general do they characterize in the opinion of the eyeologist?" asked a youth with blue-gray eyes.

"Well, there are a hundred different kinds of gray eyes, you know," said the old gentleman. "Yours are one kind, and mine another. People haven't become advanced enough yet to have more than four or five colors to apply to eyes; so any that are not blue, or black, or brown, or hazel, are called gray. You seldom see a real stupid person with gray eyes; but the genuine gray—that is always found among highly intellectual people. The steel-gray eyes, with large pupils, denote intense feeling; blue-gray eyes are generally among people with kindly hearts. You never find a real mean spirit behind a pair of blue-gray eyes."

"How about blue eyes?" asked one with light blue orbs.

"I've made a study of real blue eyes," he said. "They denote quickness of thought, and, generally, fine physical development, when they are large and bright. About nine-tenths of our lighthouse keepers, policemen, cadets, and army and navy officers, and many others selected for physical perfection, have blue eyes. Very few blue-eyed people are color blind or near-sighted. Hazel eyes," he continued, "denote musical ability and grace of person. They are very pretty eyes, too; and then there are real green eyes. They are not so scarce as is generally supposed; but I haven't made a close study of them, or of yellow eyes either. I hear the latter are very fashionable, but I shouldn't imagine a yellow-eyed person would have a nice disposition." After a farther discussion about the value of eyeology the old scientist put on his gold-rimmed glasses over a pair of sharp gray eyes and wandered out of the square, pausing to ascertain the color of the optics of every person who passed him.

PANGS, LONG AND DEEP.

An immense amount of the world's misery consists in bodily pain. There are few things more hard to bear. One of the pains which the human frame has to bear is well-known and very painful disease—the toothache.

A miraculous one is in a book by a clergyman. He says: "A young girl suffered from toothache, and she prayed to the Lord, 'If I were thou, and thou me, and thou hadst such a toothache as I have now, I would long ago have cured thee.'"

The toothache, so writes the clergyman, ceased immediately.

In the Roman calendar the patron saint of those afflicted with toothache is found in St. Apollonia. She is specially invoked by racked sufferers, according to Bishop Jewel; and the "Fantasie of Idolatrie," printed in Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," has—

"To Synt Syth for my purse;
Saynt Loye save my horse:
For my teth to Saynt Apolyne."

In the royal library at Stockholm is preserved a manuscript charm for toothache, consisting of a Latin prayer to the saint. At Bonn-on-the-Rhine, a tooth, said to have been one of hers, is shown in a glass case in the church on the saint's day, and is devoutly kissed—*i. e.*, the case containing the tooth, not the precious relic itself—by people of both sexes, as a preventive against toothache.

One of the most popular charms against the complaint consists in carrying the following form of words somewhere about the person:—

"As Sant Petter sat at the geats of Jerusalem our Blessed Lord and Savour Jesus Crist passed by and sead, What Kieth thee he sead Lord my Teeth ecketh hee sead arise and follow me and thy Teeth shall never Eake Eney moor. Fiat—Fiat—Fiat!"

This is a transcript of an English version, and should be worn inside the vest or stays over the left breast. Under slightly differing forms this charm is very common throughout Scotland and Ireland.

Two copies are preserved in the Edinburgh Museum which were worn as late as 1855 and 1880. Another form of written charm was used up by a young woman at Chelsea. It was carefully sealed, the penalty for opening it being a return of the toothache, and consisted of the words—

"Gost devil, save her,
And take her for your pains."

A cure the girl would probably dislike at the cost.

Bishop Hall, in his character of Virtues and Vices, says of the superstitious man, "He wears Paracelsian characters for the toothache."

In some parts there is a superstition that if you put on your right stocking, right shoe, and right trouser-leg before the left, you will never have a toothache. To drink out of a skull taken from a graveyard, to take a tooth from such a skull and wear it round the neck, to apply the tooth to your own living but aching tooth, to put a double nut into your pocket, to pare your finger-nails and toe-nails, and wrap the parings in a paper—all are charms against the toothache.

In other parts there is a custom of calling the toothache the "love pain," for which the sufferer is not entitled to any commiseration. Whether he or she fully assents to this may, perhaps, be doubted.

An imperial toothache once made the fortune of a poor barber. The Sultan of Turkey, having a touch of toothache, sent for the court physician. He was hunting, and could not be found.

The domestic hurried about Constantinople, and at last found a poor ragged barber-surgeon; they took him to the palace, and furnished him with proper clothing. He drew the offending tooth, and soothed the pain of the faithful. A nice house and sixteen hundred piastres a month were awarded him.

Shakespeare, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," says—

"For there was never philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently."

Shakespeare once had the toothache.

Mr. Catlin, who, a number of years ago, had an interesting exhibition of scenery, dresses, weapons, etc., noticed that the Indians have better teeth than the whites. He accounts for the difference in this strange way—that the Indians keep their mouths shut, whereas whites keep them open. The teeth, he says, require moisture to keep their surfaces in good working order. When the mouth is kept open, and the mucous membrane has a tendency to dry up, the teeth lose their needed supply of moisture, and thence come discoloration, toothache, the dolloureux, decay, looseness and eventual loss of teeth.

Persons should be careful of their teeth, for when they use them they lose some of their best friends.

BY AND BY.

Wayward soul, ah, wherefore grieving?
Look on high:
Wintry clouds are surely leaving:
Soon beneath a sunny sky
Nature shall awake to gladness,
Birds resume their merry madness,
There will be no room for sadness
By and by.

See you not, with cheerful presage,
Spring is nigh—
Read you not her loving message,
In the daisy's golden eye?
Though the words be all unspoken
Take we now the gracious token,
Grief's dominion shall be broken
By and by.

Ah, the bravest heart would often
Faint and die,
Were it not that hope may soften
Disappointment's bitter cry.
For the lonest life of sorrow,
If one mighty Aid we borrow,
Yet shall have a happy morrow
By and by.

MAD MORDEN.

BY F. A. LAYARD.

CHAPTER I.

IT is a hot midsummer's afternoon in June and the military town of Tanchester is en fete to celebrate the occasion of a visit from a certain royal personage who has been holding a review earlier in the day.

The civilians are likewise contributing their share to the amusements and festivities, by a grand gala in the vast open space by the river, known as the 'Abbot's Field,' long ago granted to the town by some worthy and beneficent abbot of the neighboring ruined old monastery of St. Keys.

A balloon ascent is to take place, and foot-races, athletic sports, and tug-of-war, are in full swing in one part of the ground, whilst in another the votaries of cricket monopolise the smooth carefully rolled piece of turf allotted to the local club.

Large marquees flank the Abbot's Field on either side; in one of them a regimental band discourses sweet music, whilst in another a marionette show is going on, to the unbounded delight of the more juvenile inhabitants of the town.

Several of the marquees are fitted up with chairs and sofas for the use of the ladies, who are gracing the sports with their presence, the two largest tents nearest the river being devoted to refreshments.

In one of the latter a merry quartette was seated at a small table, rather late in the afternoon, discussing a recherche cold collation and iced champagne.

The four were, Mrs. Dorling, a pretty young widow of twenty, Mrs. Moultrie and Evelyn Moultrie, wife and daughter of the regimental doctor, and your humble servant Raymond Pengelley, Captain in the Royal Engineers, who is telling you this story.

A good deal of chaff and fun was being bandied about between us, and we were mutually hurrying each other so as to be ready in time to see the great balloon, 'the Excelsior,' start at six o'clock, on its way to London.

The owner of it, a well-known exhibitor at the Crystal Palace entertainments, had been engaged for the Tanchester Fete, and one of the officers of the regiment, Major Morden, an amateur aeronaut, was to accompany him in the ascent.

This Morden was an odd reserved man; he had not been long in the regiment, having exchanged into it from India only four months previous to the date my story opens.

He sought friendship with none, and when off duty, lived shut up in his quarters, devoting himself to scientific studies and pursuits; the only relaxation he allowed himself was an occasional trip to any place where balloon ascents were to be made, in which he would join whenever he could gain permission.

It was quite his hobby, and I had just heard from Dr. Moultrie that his latest craze was the perfecting of some invention for steering balloons.

Odd even to eccentricity in his manners and conversation, the subs of the regiment had already nicknamed him "Mad Morden."

I had never met him, as I was quartered at Woolwich, and only took a run to Tanchester now and then to see old friends, the latter having been my first move after leaving Chatham, and I knew little of him, except that, whilst in India he had become engaged to a Miss Cumine, who had thrown him over three months after, and married a cousin of my own, also a Captain Pengelley.

Indeed this very fact had deterred me from calling on him and making his acquaintance when I was at Tanchester, although a certain similarity in tastes might otherwise have prompted me to do so, for I was myself in the balloon company of my corps, and had my own notions about the improvement of "aeronautic navigation."

However, chance or fate decreed otherwise, and, in spite of my avoidance of him from motives of delicacy, we were destined to make each other's acquaintance sooner than either of us suspected.

The blazing afternoon sun began to sink into a red glory in the western sky, and a light refreshing breeze sprang up, cooling the heated atmosphere, and fluttering the pennons on the tents.

Outside, there was an excited buzz of voices and a running of many feet; and now the band struck up the lively tune of "Up in a Balloon, Boys!" giving timely warning to the spectators that the crowning event of the afternoon was about to take place.

"Do make haste, Captain Pengelley," cried Evelyn Moultrie; "that is your fifth ice! It's really too bad of you, we shall miss seeing the balloon start, and that's the best part of the performance."

"Just one more, Miss Moultrie," I answered, "and you must take another to keep me company; there's plenty of time, the ascent will not be till six, and it is only ten minutes to now; so sit down again! Here, waiter! another ice!"

As I turned to call one of the men, I heard my name shouted out by someone running quickly to the entrance of the marquee.

"Pengelley! I say, Pengelley! where are you?" and in rushed Massy, a young artillery officer quartered at Tanchester. "Oh! here you are! I've had such a hunt for you! You are wanted at once; come along; Mrs. Moultrie, you must excuse him."

"But, my dear fellow, wait a bit, I've got to finish my ice first; it's much too hot to rush about, I'll come when I am done."

"No, no!" cried Massy, forcibly taking the ice from me, "leave it and come at once! There's no end of a fix up there at the balloon ground, and you must help us out of it. Old Mount the aeronaut has sprained his ankle very badly slipping over some orange peel, and they've carried him off to the doctor's in your pony chaise, Mrs. Moultrie. The balloon is bound to go up this afternoon, and Morden said he'd manage perfectly if we would find someone to accompany him; and I at once thought, Pengelley, that you would be the best one to go with him, as you understand the machine professionally. Come along now, and I'll introduce you to Morden; he's a queer chap, but not so bad when you get to know him."

All this was poured out in a quick breathless way, leaving me no room to put in a word of assent or remonstrance.

It seemed to me that it was all arranged, and any denial on my part would be deemed ill-natured and spoil the day's pleasures; so I took the bull by the horns, and jumping up from the table, said I would do whatever Morden liked.

"That's right!" cried Massy, "I knew you'd come! I'll run on and tell Morden you're following."

And off he sped out of the tent. I shook hands with the three ladies, and asked Mrs. Moultrie, with whom I was staying, to pack up my portmanteau and send it back to Woolwich for me, as I could take nothing with me in the balloon; fortunately, I had my heavy thick overcoat on my arm, as we had intended to go boating by moonlight.

With a nod, and a regretful glance at the tempting and unfinished Neapolitan ice, I waved a farewell, ran very swiftly after Massy, leaving the ladies to follow more soberly.

In the centre of the Abbot's Field was a large space kept clear by a cordon of soldiers, behind whom stood the crowd in a compact and solid mass; and in the middle of this space was the great balloon, its car hitched to hooked iron pegs by strong ropes, while over it gently swayed its monster dome of slate-colored silk, fully inflated for the start, and the letters of 'Excelsior' glittering in bright gold in the illumination of the rays from the setting sun.

At the four corners of the square wicker car stood four stalwart gunners, each holding a rope, the last that would hold 'the Excelsior' to earth when the peg-ropes should be unhitched.

The wind was raising and blowing a favorable current to the east; so the journey promised to be quick and easy, and we might hope to be in London by dawn the following morning.

As I approached the car I saw Massy engaged in eager conversation with a small, slight, dark man, of about three-and-thirty; very upright and soldierly-looking in spite of his short stature, and with a quick way of glancing about him; his eyes bright and alert, the nose aquiline, altogether rather of an Italian type of countenance.

I concluded at once that this must be Major Morden, and my conjecture was right, for on seeing me Massy came forward, and taking me by the arm, introduced us to each other.

Major Morden, who had not apparently noticed my approach, looked up as I made my bow, and started visibly when he saw my face; he recovered himself, however, at once, and said with a quiet voice and rather a sad smile—

"You are extraordinarily like your cousin Captain Falke Pengelley, whom I met in Calcutta last year; the resemblance is quite startling."

"Am I?" I replied; "it is not unlikely, for we are first cousins, and were often taken for twin brothers when we were at school together at Harrow; but I fancied we might perhaps have outgrown the resemblance by this time."

"No," he answered; "the more I look at you, the more I see it; it is wonderful! I can scarcely realise that you are two separate individuals! voice, figure, and manner are so very much, or rather, so exactly similar!"

My appearance seemed to have made an extraordinary impression on him, and had aroused him from his naturally quiet reserve.

After a few more words about our aerial journey, he turned to a sergeant standing near, and requested him to explain in a loud clear voice to the assembled crowd, that we two would make the ascent together not to disappoint them, and in consequence of the serious accident that had happened to the professional aeronaut.

The announcement was heard with great approval and loud clapping of hands from the spectators, who sent up cheer after cheer in our honor.

And now we prepared to start. Several rugs and coils of rope, and a hatchet and large knife, were placed in the car.

These were followed by the sand-bags and a small hamper of provisions, and lastly a sort of crate holding instruments—a barometer, a thermometer, and a telescope and field-glasses.

Then a short ladder was placed against the side of the car, and we mounted into it, and took our places.

The wind had risen considerably, and the 'Excelsior' was tugging at her ropes like some live creature anxious to escape, while the rigging cords of the great silk dome above us creaked and strained, as if they would part company with their burden below.

And now again the sergeant gave the word of departure, "Loose, all!" and simultaneously, as if by clockwork, a number of soldiers, told off to the various pegs, bent down and unhitched the ropes from the hooks; and the four gunners at the corners of the car, which floated about five feet from the ground, let the four short hawsers run through their grasp.

A cheer like a prolonged roar rose from the immense crowd, as the band played its appropriate air, and the vast globe began to move.

For two seconds it seemed almost motionless, then slowly, slowly, with majestic motion and perfect steadiness, the great 'Excelsior' began its upward journey. In a few seconds more we had risen higher than the loftiest of the tall tannery chimneys on the river's bank.

Below us, we could still see the crowd like an immense blot on the green sward of the Abbot's Field, the marquees only indicated by white specks, and the river like a silver ribbon dividing the town from the country.

As we ascended, the cheers and the music of the band became fainter and fainter, and then suddenly died away, and we were lost to all sense of terrestrial sounds, the silence only broke by the plaintive whistling of the breeze through the rigging of the balloon.

For some ten minutes or more, the country lying below us had presented the appearance of a vast map in relief, and we seemed to be almost stationary, although in reality we were moving at a great speed, in a steady current of air, at about eight hundred feet above the level of the ground we had just left.

We could see the town of Tanchester far behind us its many windows flashing in the rays of the setting sun like so many sparks of fire.

Now a sudden current of wind struck the car, and we thought it was going to drive us down to earth again, as the balloon began to revolve with a distinct downward motion in an oblique direction.

Then showed itself to us that strange phenomenon of bird's-eye perspective and ocular delusion with which every aeronaut is familiar, but which few can see, however old travelers they may be, without an overpowering sensation of sickening vertigo, and an almost suicidal inclination to throw themselves from the car into the abyss below.

I speak of that curious appearance that the land immediately below a descending balloon presents to the eyes of those that gaze down, viz., that the fields and towns seem to be ascending towards them at headlong speed in apparently great leaps; woe be then to the tyro in aeronautic voyages who unwarily gazes too long, for the vertigo soon ends in a dead faint, from which he recovers with reeling brain and qualms as of sea-sickness!

I have a very strong head, and the loftiest pinnacles present no horrors to my imagination, but I could feel the effects of this sudden dip, although I carefully avoided looking over the bulwark of the car.

Not so my companion; I perceived that he had given a glance over the edge, and that it had proved more than his head could stand.

With a scarcely articulate cry, the first word he had spoken since we started, he pointed to one of the sand-bags and gasped, "Empty that at once, or we shall come in collision with some high tree or building!" and sank on the floor of the car in a swoon.

I understood the management of a balloon very well, and in a few seconds I had reversed the motion.

After emptying a couple of the bags, we shot up again at a giddy speed to a still higher altitude than we had hitherto attained; and now it was plain steady sailing in a straight course, and we seemed to have found the proper route in our aerial journey.

The evening was over and night was drawing in fast, and the moon came out, shedding a lovely silvery gleam over the 'Excelsior's' silken dome and the feathery clouds that sped past the car.

The silence was wonderful, and the air began to grow chilly. I had given Major Morden some brandy, and soon he began to recover consciousness and rose to his feet, apologizing for the trouble he had given me, and adding that it was not only from the vertigo that he had fainted, but that ever since he started, he had felt a strange sensation in his head like a thousand hammers beating through his brain, and violent shooting pains in the upper part of the spine; that he had tried to bear it as long as he could fight against it, but at last it was too strong for him, and when he looked over the edge of the car, he felt his power of control suddenly leave him, and he sank down unconscious after crying to me to lighten the balloon.

I could see at a glance that he was suffering; his face was drawn and pale, and his eyes shone with an extraordinary feverish brilliancy, and he looked from side to side as if he expected to see something.

"I shall be better presently," he said in a quiet clear voice, "if I can shake off this feeling that in spite of myself is seizing hold of me, against my own common sense, foolish and unfounded as I know it to be;" and again he looked round in the same odd way.

"What do you mean?" I asked wonderingly.

He paused before answering me, then in a low cautious voice he replied:

"It is very strange, but I seem to feel there is someone else in the car besides our two selves. Just now I distinctly saw someone sitting next to you; I cannot tell whether the figure is a man or woman, but there it was, and a minute after it was sitting next to me on my left hand."

Involuntarily I shuddered at his tone and looked round.

"A figure? someone else? how can there be anyone else, my dear Major? No one can have come with us; there is no room for anyone in the car to hide himself, in the first place, and in the second, I should have seen at once if there had been anyone. I daresay your giddiness has made you nervous. This lovely night air will soon revive you; take some more of this brandy, and that will help to set you up."

"No, no! I don't want any more; I daresay I shall be all right by-and-by; but I am quite positive, somehow, that there was a figure sitting here just now between us."

I tried to laugh away his persistency, by suggesting it might be the shadow from the balloon itself, or from one of the rugs that I had hung over the nearest rigging-rope to my seat to shelter me from the night-dew.

"No!" he exclaimed almost angrily, "I saw something, explain it as you will; a thin figure, shrouded in a dark cloak or sheet, and nothing visible of the face but its burning brilliant eyes."

I saw it was useless to argue with Morden, he seemed to be slightly light-headed after the attack; so I left the subject alone, trusting his delusion would pass off as his head got better, and merely said—

"Well, it's certainly mysterious, but we won't think of it any more; it's not pleasant or cheerful."

We relapsed into silence, and sat gazing out into the lovely night, whilst the 'Excelsior' floated steadily along, the wind still blowing us favorably in the right direction.

After thus sitting in perfect stillness for nearly an hour, Major Morden rose from his seat and stretched himself, at the same time saying—

"I feel all right now; forgive my having bothered you with my nervous attacks; I get upset sometimes quite suddenly, and don't half know what I am saying."

"Oh! never mind," I answered; "I'm very glad it has passed. Have you often suffered from them?"

"Yes, more or less frequently since I was about twenty years old; sometimes not for months together, at other times almost daily for a week or two. I think I have had them more often during the last six or eight months; I have had a good deal of trouble and worry. Perhaps you have heard what brought me home from India?"

He asked this with almost nervous hesitation.

"Yes," I replied, "I know; I am very sorry that one of my own relations should have been the cause of so much sorrow to you. But I don't understand why your marriage should have been broken off; everything seemed so promising from all I have heard. If it is not a great liberty on my part, I should be glad to know the reason."

"Do you really mean that you have no idea why Miss Cumine broke off her engagement to me?" asked Morden. "Has no one ever told you the reason?"

"No," I answered; "was it a quarrel about the settlements? that's the usual thing nowadays."

"Not at all," replied Morden; "but I tell you, on condition that you promise not to speak of it to anyone down at Tanchester. I don't care to have my private affairs discussed, and there never was such a place as that for gossip; if they have no foundation for a story they will invent one!"

I promised silence on the subject, and he went on to say that some years ago, his mother had become suddenly mad from fright in a railway accident, and for the last fourteen years had been confined in a lunatic asylum, hopelessly incurable.

Also that his family on the mother's side were of exceedingly nervous excitable temperaments; her grandfather had become mad also after having accidentally shot and killed a young brother.

I was not to suppose from these two instances that there was hereditary madness in the family, for these were the only two members of it who had shown any signs of insanity.

Some busybody told Miss Cumine that she was doing a sin to link herself with such a family, with the possibility of the fear that the terrible mental taint might be transmitted to her children.

Major Morden had hidden nothing from

her, but she took fright at these dismal prognostications, in spite of his encouraging words that both events were the result of shocks, and not in the blood.

The consequence of these alarms was, that she wrote to Morden one morning, asking him to refrain from going to see her any more, and to consider their engagement at an end.

Broken-hearted at this blow, and all his dreams of future happiness shattered, Major Morden could no longer remain in the same station even as his lost love, and at once applied for an exchange, and on obtaining it, joined his new regiment as soon as possible at Tanchester.

This was his story, and he ended it by saying, how much he had been startled at my resemblance to my cousin, to whom Miss Cumine was now married, and who had been his chum in barracks for several months before and during his engagement.

For the moment he had thought that I was Fulke Pengelley, home perhaps on leave, and a feeling of hatred and despairing disappointment had shot through his heart, till some slight difference in us, and hearing Massy call me Raymond, showed him his mistake.

This, then, was the reason, thought I to myself, that he had started when he saw me; I could quite understand it, and felt very sorry for the poor fellow.

I thanked him for his confidence, and again promised I should let it go no farther than myself.

Seeing he looked worn and tired, I glanced at my watch and found that the hour was later than I thought; my repeater struck a quarter to eleven. I suggested to him that he should take an hour's sleep on the floor of the car, and that then I would do the same, and should watch his turn, thus relieving each other till we reached London. He thought my plan an excellent one, and in a few moments had rolled himself in his rugs and was fast asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Aunt Dora.

BY BERTIE RAYLE.

MISS DORA THORBECK was knitting busily in her own cosy room, in her brother's superb house in Kensington, when there was a rush of rustling skirts across the hall, a quick, sobbing, gasping cry, and Hattie, Aunt Dora's pet and darling of all her brother's children, ran into her own room.

Down went Aunt Dora's knitting, and two minutes later she was in Hattie's room.

Her pretty niece was seated at a table, hastily writing a note, her face flushed, her eyes full of angry tears, her fingers trembling.

"Darling!" her aunt cried, "what troubles you?"

"Wait a minute, auntie, until I finish my note, and I will tell you. There!"—dashing down her signature—"I hope Charley Ansley will enjoy that. I will never see him again! Never!"

"Why?"

"He has deceived me! He pretends to love me, and is carrying on a flirtation with Miss Chester all the time."

"Are you sure of that?"

Hattie hesitated. Was she sure? Appearances were against Charlie, but——

"Don't send your note quite yet," Aunt Dora said, gently. "Let me tell you a little story of my own life—the story, Hattie, of a too hasty decision."

Hattie's tears were hastily dried. She was but eighteen, and still child enough to delight in a story, especially a true one, as this promised to be.

Aunt Dora told her story to her niece, Hattie Thorbeck, who was in danger of having a fatal quarrel with her lover, by reason of judging him hastily and unfairly.

"It happened more than twenty years ago," Aunt Dora said, "when your father and mother were on their wedding tour, and I was a girl of nineteen, just out of school. My father was very fond of me, and very indulgent; and when I proposed that we should shut up our house for the summer, and take a long holiday trip, he at once agreed. He had retired from business on account of ill-health, and, I think, enjoyed the prospect of several weeks of summer idleness and travel as much as I did myself.

"Our first stopping place was Paris, and we found so many friends there that we lingered on week after week, well contented. I was more than contented, for I had been introduced there to Henry Somers the only man I ever loved. He was in no way a remarkable man, Hattie—no hero of romance or modern knight; but he had a gentle caressing manner, a soft, winning voice, and eyes of deep brown that seemed to me to mirror a true, loving heart.

"Every day my love grew stronger, and yet I was not giving it unsought.

"We, Henry and I, had been sitting in the porch one morning, when a fine drizzling rain prevented walking outside, and more plainly than ever before he had shown me his heart, winning from me words that a few hours later I would have given all I possessed to recall. I am sure, had we not been interrupted, he would have made me a formal proposal, but a party from the parlor came out to the porch, and I ran away, my heart full of happiness, my face burning with blushes. It was my last hour of such full, perfect joy, Hattie—the end of my love-dreams.

"The porch upon the second floor of the hotel extended across the entrance, and my room was exactly over the door. Henry Somers was standing on the lower step of the broad flight leading to the door, and as the stage drove up, two boys, little fellows of three or four years old, gave a great, joyful cry of 'Papa! papa!' and rushed at him as soon as the door was opened. A little figure in a waterproof cloak and hood followed, and I heard his astonished voice, saying, 'Helen, why did you not let me know you were coming?'"

"I heard no more. Faint, dizzy, and bewildered, I threw myself back in my chair, stunned by the revelation. A married man—a father—and he had dared to make love to me—to win my love? Pride came to aid me, and I rang the bell and sent a waiter to find my father. There was no trace of agitation left by the time my dear father was found and came to my room. I was ready with my story then, and asked him if he was not tired of Paris. After some consultation, we decided to take a trip to the east, and then arrange our further movements.

"I made packing my excuse for keeping my room until the evening train time, when we left Paris. But I did glance at the hotel register as we passed through the office on our way to carriage. Amongst the arrivals for the day was Mrs. H. Somers, two children, and nurse.

"Hattie, it is twenty long years ago, and I am an old maid, devoted to my brother's children. Had I but consulted my father, but given my lover another interview, I might to-day be a happy wife in a home of my own.

"I think my father suspected that something was wrong with me; but we had not then arrived at the state of confidence and love that afterwards existed between us.

"But in my pain, in the dull misery that followed my first indignation, I sought and found comfort in my father's love. With my eyes opened by my own suffering, I saw that my father often concealed from me that he was ill, and the reason for his giving up his business greater than I, in my girlish carelessness, had realized. Often in our traveling we had to stop upon the route in small country hotels, because my father was suffering too much to endure the motion of railway traveling.

"At first he hid from me all that he could of his illness; but when he saw that he only made me more anxious, he allowed me to nurse him, to be with him at all times, and very soon became dependent upon my care. I can never be too grateful for the fact that in the three years that followed that summer I was really the one comfort of my dear father's life, and it was the knowledge that I might become so that saved me from sinking into a state of despairing misery, when I was first convinced of my lover's treachery.

"I had given him the first pure love of my heart, and I was not one who could change. More than once, since that time, I have won love, though I can honestly say without any coquetry of my own; but I have never been able to feel again the devotion and tenderness I gave to Henry Somers.

"For three years, as I have said, I devoted my life to my father. By the advice of his physicians, we went abroad, visiting all the principal towns, wintering in Spain or Italy, and spending the summers in Scotland and Norway. Your father and mother had returned, and it was to their home that we came at last, when we knew that there would soon be a fatal termination to the long, lingering illness my father had borne so patiently.

"In all this time, Hattie, I have never once heard of Henry Somers, nor did I meet him or anyone who knew him for many years later.

"I was in Manchester visiting an old friend, some years after my father's death, when one morning, in looking over some photographs in her possession, I found one that for a moment made me dizzy with the rush of memory it awakened. It was a large photograph of two gentlemen standing in easy attitudes, with the same face and figure.

"'This is one of those double photographs, I said, 'is it not? The same person taken in two positions on one plate?'

"Mrs. Hunt, my friend, took the card from my hand.

"'Oh, no,' she said; 'that is my husband's partner and his twin brother.'

"'I thought your husband's partner was Mr. Browne.'

"'It is now. Horace Somers died—oh, ten years ago, at least. Poor fellow! he was killed in a steamboat explosion, and left a widow and two children—beautiful boys. I was with Mrs. Somers at the time the news came, and I could not leave her. She clung to me, and depended upon me for everything. Her husband's brother—this one,'—pointing to the photograph—'was abroad at the time Horace died—had been there for several years—and Helen, Horace's wife, had never seen him.

"'He was sent for to take charge of his brother's affairs, and I consented to remain with Helen until he came. She was such a helpless, child-like little thing, it was a positive cruelty to leave her alone.

"'But I shall never forget the scene when Henry arrived. We were all in Helen's sitting-room, when I heard her give a terrible cry, and looked up as she fell on the floor in a dead faint.

"'Standing in the doorway was her husband's brother, or, as it seemed in the first startled moment, his ghost, and the children clinging to him, and shouting 'Papa!' in perfect ecstasy. And, my dear, those boys could not be persuaded to call him anything else.

"'Poor Helen, after the first startling surprise was over, remembered perfectly having heard Horace tell of the resemblance that had often puzzled even their parents; and in time I think it was a comfort to her, but the boys could not be coaxed to my uncle, or convinced that their father had not returned. And Henry Somers did not seem to mind it when they insisted upon calling him "papa" for a long time.

"'He was the kindest of brothers to Helen, and very fond of his little nephews; but she was not long a widow, and her second husband lives in New York, so I have not heard of her for years.'

"'And Henry Somers?' I asked. 'What became of him?'

"'He lives here, in London. Staying here, at first, to be with Helen and take charge of his brother's affairs, he found a business opening and settled here.'

"'Is he married?' I asked.

"'Oh, yes; though he was a long time a bachelor. I thought, a year or two after he came here, that he had some disappointment, he was so averse to ladies' society, and seemed as if he would be an old bachelor. But, about two years ago, he married a lovely girl. I must introduce you to her.'

"And so, Hattie, I learned, too late, how my impulsive anger at appearances had wronged my lover, and destroyed my own happiness. One more interview with Henry Somers would probably have led to an introduction to his brother's widow and children, and I should not have led a lonely life, and carried for years in my heart a bitter sense of injury."

A warm kiss fell upon Aunt Dora's lips, to express Hattie's sympathy, and then the angry note upon the table was torn to tiny bits, and thrown into the waste-paper basket in silence.

TO-DAYS OF SORROW.

"Sorrow and to-day!" The sentence suggests painful thoughts, perhaps; as we grope in shadows of sorrow it seems impossible that we should ever be permitted to leave and revel again in the glad sunlight of joy.

Too frequently, while our hearts are bowed down with what seems a crushing burden of present grief, or estrangement from one we love, it may be, we selfishly press those sorrows, like fondly cherished, withered blossoms, to our bosoms, nor allow our minds to remember the countless throng of sorrows others have experienced and will experience as long as the world endures.

We can hardly think any other has ever felt quite such poignant agony as that now clogging the very wheels of existence within us, and almost paralyzing every faculty we possess, except the one which serves to morbidly keep our sorrow fresh and all-consumingly present.

We persist in making ourselves believe that our sorrows of to-day can never have a yesterday.

We tell ourselves that our to-morrows must be marked by the same desolations, the same severe agonies, that characterize our to-days.

But as we mingle in the tumultuous struggle of life, as all who breathe must, no matter how much solitude and seclusion are sought, our grief will grow less and less acute each day, our tortures diminish, one by one.

This may not be perceptible to ourselves, for it is so slow. But time, change, and our various surroundings all combine to insensibly tide us beyond the darkness of sorrow's brooding, which, did it but last, would deprive us of the power to do our duty to mankind and aid in the world's working force, as all useful men and women should.

And it is but right that our griefs should yield to Time's mitigating touch. It is God's wish.

Not to forget our sorrows, for none can wholly do that; but He would wish us to conquer them, to yield them up to His keeping, while we go forth ennobled and purified from our gloom to the light of sweet usefulness and practical duty, trusting all to Him who is all-healing.

A. H. GIBSON.

THE LEGEND OF THE IVY.—From the German is taken the beautiful story of the ivy's origin. A Rhine maiden, somewhat of a coquette, promised to give her hand to a noble young man; "but not yet," she said: "give me freedom a little while longer."

Weeks passed, and the youth, becoming jealous of her smiles, urged her to name the day when she would make him forever happy; but with a merry laugh and a twinkling eye she bade him "wait."

Repeatedly he came to her. At last he said, "If still thou tellest me to wait it will be for ever."

Thinking he only told her this to frighten her, she replied, with a toss of her pretty little head, "Then wait for ever, kind sir."

With one long, fond gaze at her sweet face, he left her. He went to the holy war, and she pined and died. One day a strange plant sprang up on her grave. It put forth its tender leaves and long slender fingers, ever moving onward. It covered the grave; then moved on over the ground. The superstitious villagers watched it with wonder, and they whispered to one another that this strange vine was the maiden Ivy's soul going forth to find her lover.

FIRE-PROOF.—A solution of boric acid in a hot solution of tungstate of soda will render fabrics and wood fire-proof. The same solution is also said to possess valuable antiseptic qualities, having been used with success in diphtheria and in dressing wounds. It has no odor, but its taste is bitter.

Scientific and Useful.

CARBOLIC ACID.—Carbolic acid is recommended for moistening the tools with which metals are worked. The efficiency of the grindstone is greatly increased by this means.

SUNFLOWERS.—Sunflowers are used in Wyoming Territory for fuel. The stalks, when dry, are as hard as maplewood and make a hot fire, and the seed heads with the seeds in are said to burn better than the best hard coal. An acre of sunflowers will furnish fuel for one stove for a year.

WATER FOR OIL.—It is stated, after a two months' trial at St. Louis, that water may be used to advantage in keeping down the temperature of journal boxes and to the exclusion entirely of friction-easing oils. The brightness of surface in the journals, denoting friction, gives way to a duller and more natural color of the metal.

TAR.—Some months ago the floors of many Austrian garrisons were painted with tar, and the results have proved so uniformly advantageous that the method is becoming greatly extended in its application. The collection of dust in cracks is thus prevented, and a consequent diminution in irritative diseases of the eye has been noted. Cleanliness of the rooms has been greatly facilitated, and parasites are almost completely excluded. The coating of tar is inexpensive, requires renewal but once a year, and presents but one disadvantage, namely, its sombre color.

DISEASES.—As a breeder of diseases, few things excel the average farm-house cellar. It underlies the whole house, with nothing to prevent its exhalations from rising into the upper rooms except a thin board floor. In this cellar all manner of things for family use are kept the season round. Meat, vegetables, milk, butter, bread, pastry preserves, pickles, and fruit are here stored in their various receptacles. There is very seldom anything to separate the fruit and vegetables from the other parts of the cellar, and there is usually more or less decaying vegetable matter to load the air with poisonous germs. At various seasons of the year the walls collect dampness, or small pools of water lie under their loose board floors, sending up malarious odors into the rooms above.

COLOR IN IRON.—A fine color may be given to small pieces of iron by bringing them to a red heat in a clean fire, then sprinkle prussiate of potash over them and cool in water. The case-hardening, however, will not be of much depth. If there should be a number of articles to harden, it would be better to make a cast-iron pot or box, with a cover which could be made tight by using fire-clay. Put the articles in this box together with crushed bone, burnt leather scraps, and charcoal in equal quantities. Heat the whole to a red heat, and keep hot from one to five hours, according to the size of articles and depth of hardening desired; then remove the cover and dump the articles into water with the least possible exposure to air. This will harden to considerable depth.

Farm and Garden.

WHITE-WASHING.—The latest mode of white-washing out-buildings, is to have the white-wash thin in consistency, and force it on the walls with a force-pump.

A PET LAMB.—To train a flock of sheep, raise a lamb at the house, teach it to come when called, and then put it with the flock. By calling the petted lamb the others will follow.

HEDGE FENCES.—By plowing two furrows on each side of the hedge not only will the roots be shortened but the loosening of the soil will benefit the hedge as well as clean the surface of the ground. While a hedge fence, well kept, is very attractive, the harboring of weeds at its base makes the farm very unsightly.

FENCE CORNERS.—The fence corners are the pest holes of the farm. From them spring nearly all the weed seeds and undesirable grasses that are scattered over the fields. Rail fences are expensive on account of the ground they occupy and the weeds they protect. If necessary, the hoe should be brought into requisition to clean out the spaces along the fence.

DEHORNING.—It may hurt the cow some to cut off her horns, says a cotemporary, but so do her horns hurt others when she goes at them full drive. It is doubtful if the pain of dehorning is greater than the hurt of having a pair of sharp horns run into the side. In case of dehorning there is only one hurt; but there is no end of hurts from hooking when the horns are left on.

SCOURS.—Scours can generally be checked by shutting the sow up and feeding dry corn for a few days. If pigs be large enough to eat give them dry, raw flour, or rye or wheat whole.—If too young to eat, a lump of alum the size of a walnut may be dissolved in a quart of water, and a teaspoonful given each morning and evening to pigs a week or so old.

STRAW.—A ton of straw is worth as much as three bushels of grain—sometimes as much as four—to rot down for manure. It is worth more than that as a mulch for the orchard. The moisture and warmth under mulch favor nitrification—the production of nitrogenous plant food—amazingly. There is no other way to account for the vigorous growth and heavy fruiting which results from mulching an orchard. Every orchardist should buy all the cheap straw he can get.

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The Life of Thought.

"I no sooner enter my library," says an old author, "than I bolt the door, and shut out lust, ambition and avarice, whose mother is idleness, and whose nurse ignorance; and taking my seat among the illustrious spirits around me, I look down with pity on the rich and great who are strangers to such refined and exalted enjoyments."

If a life of study can produce happiness so pure as this; if it can exclude lust, ambition and avarice, if it can give an elevation above the rich and great, who would not fly from the world and seize that chief good, in books, which he has vainly toiled for in the road of ambition and avarice?

But no library is sufficiently retired, no occupation sufficiently pure, to exclude care and contamination. Man bears within his bosom, wheresoever he conceals himself and whatsoever he does, the seeds of evils and misery.

Philosophers may describe the happiness of a contemplative life, and students flatter themselves that they are out of the reach of corruption, but does experience justify a persuasion that philosophers and students are happier and more innocent than all others? A perusal of their lives will evince the truth that it is not in man to secure himself from the assaults of passion, and the corruption of vice, by withdrawing his person from the society of the multitude.

Volumes have been written on the peculiar misery of the learned, and we wish it could be asserted with truth that on shutting the doors of their book-rooms they at the same time shut out desire, avarice and ambition.

Men of that activity of mind which ranges through all nature and art, see more clearly, and feel more sensibly, than the common tribe whose attention is fixed on frivolity. All the objects of desire, avarice and ambition exhibit themselves to their eyes, in the most glowing colors and in the most engaging forms. Their taste, cultivated and refined by continual exercise of its powers, is enabled to discover charms which escape vulgar notice. Their leisure and freedom from the ordinary cares of life cause their hearts to fix on what their imaginations have admired.

It cannot be wondered at, therefore, if contemplative men, instead of being exempt from the tumults which disturb others, have felt themselves agitated by external things with peculiar force. Their enjoyments have been high, their sufferings keen, and their failings singularly deplorable.

We fear, therefore, that truth must resign those pretensions to that undisturbed felicity which students have sometimes claimed as the privilege of their learned solitude. In common with all the sons of men they partake of misery; and they are under some peculiar circumstances which aggravate the woe which it is their destiny to share.

To secure the happiness that is allowed to man they must, like others, have recourse to virtue and wisdom, not merely to retreat, or to contemplation. With virtue and wisdom, their employments will be found highly conducive to a most exalted state of sublunary felicity; for their employments are pure and refined, intellectual, and even heavenly, compared with the gross delights of animal sense.

He who places his happiness in gluttony and debauchery must acknowledge, while he boasts of his pleasures, that he is renouncing the most honorable part of his nature, his reason; and that he is assimilating himself, as much as he is able, with the brutes whom he proudly disdains.

We cannot help thinking that the Platonic philosophy, mixed, as it is, with much folly, deserves more regard than it usually receives. It tends to make man value himself on his mind. It teaches to seek enjoyment in the exertions of the discursive faculty, and to aspire at an intellectual excellence which, though it may never reach, invites by its beautiful appearance to heights of improvements which it would never otherwise have attained.

Platonism, when carried to extremes, like all other doctrines, terminates in nonsense; but under the regulation of reason, it leads the mind to a state of celestial enjoyment and angelic perfection.

If the superior light of Christianity had not irradiated the world, there is no philosophy which the aspirant after excellence would wish to prevail in preference to Platonism, divested of its visionary eccentricities. No philosophy contributes so much to raise man to the exaltation which he may conceive to adorn a spiritual nature. No philosophy exalts him so much above the body, and furnishes him with ideas so congenial to all that we consider as celestial.

But common sense and common experience affirm, after all, that whoever attempts to reach undisturbed happiness by flights of contemplation, above the usual ken of mortals, commonly finds himself precipitated at last, like Icarus in the fable.

Superior degrees of happiness are not to be expected solely from a skill in the arts and sciences, from study, and from retirement; but chiefly from those virtues and good qualities in which even the illiterate find it, from prudence, temperance, justice, fortitude and contentment. The boast of felicity without these is but the rant of pride and the rhapsody of inexperienced speculation.

That is the true and effectual regeneration when the seed of life takes root in man and thrives. Such men have accustomed themselves to speak to God, and God has ever spoken to them; and they feel "the powers of the world to come" as truly as they feel the presence of this world, because they have been accustomed to speak and act as if it were real. All of us must rely on something; all must look up to, admire, court, make themselves one with something. Most men cast in their lot with the visible world; but true Christians with saints and angels. Such men are little understood by the world because they are not of the world; and hence it sometimes happens that even the better sort of men are often disconcerted and vexed by them. It cannot be otherwise: they must move forward on principles so different from what are commonly assumed as true. They take for granted, as first principles, what the world wishes to have proved in detail. They have become familiar with the sights of the next world, till they talk of them as if all men admitted them.

Those whose repentance is not a true one are not cheerful and happy in religion. They are grieved because they have to break off from so many things they love, or because they have to give so much money. They are in the fire all the time. Instead of rejoicing in every opportunity of self-denial, and rejoicing in the plainest and most cutting exhibitions of truth, it is a great trial to them to be told their duty, when it crosses their inclinations and habits. The plain truth distresses them. Why? Because their hearts do not love to do duty. If they loved to do their duty, every ray of light that broke in upon their minds from heaven, pointing out their duty, would be welcomed, and make them more and more happy.

The general practice of men of business, their custom of year by year taking stock, examining their books, and striking a balance to know how they stand, is a lesson of the highest value. Our everlasting salvation may turn on it. People go on dreaming that all is right when all is wrong; nor wake to the dreadful truth till they open their eyes in torment. What pains ought we to take to avoid the remotest chance of such a calamity! If men take such care of their earthly fortunes, how much greater our need to see how we stand with God; and do with our spiritual what all wise merchants do with their earthly interests—review the transactions of every year!

If fine manners require the expression of the good, they equally demand the repression of the evil. Anger, heat, exaggeration, violence, ill-nature, selfishness, are all foes to good manners. Self-control and self-respect will diminish them by forbidding them to vent themselves. Kept in subjection, they will subside; allowed free expression, they will become intolerable. The presence of good manners is nowhere more needed or more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Wherever familiarity exists there is a tendency to lose the check upon selfish conduct, which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces.

Yea, when we probe to the bottom we are forced to confess that it is in the principle of immortality implanted in man that is the secret of all its activity. Oh, if it were not for the thought of living for ever, how many busy hearts and hands would become as though dead! There comes sweeping along the vista of eternity a blessed inspiration to do, to be, to live, in the best sense of the word.

Virtue is an angel; but she is a blind one, and must ask of Knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal. Mere knowledge, on the other hand, like a Swiss mercenary, is ready to combat either in the ranks of sin or under the banners of righteousness; ready to forge cannon balls, or to print New Testaments; to navigate a corsair's vessel or a missionary ship.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him: Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired—they admired great things. Narrow spirits admire basely and worship meanly.

True success means the development of a character that is worthy of example—a character that is honest to every duty, faithful to every trust, and that is unselfish enough to find time for kindly acts that are not forced, but the simple expression of a warm and generous principle. True success is fidelity to every relation in life.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is, therefore, superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has been born in vain.

When we see our enemies and friends gliding away before us, let us not forget that we are subject to the general law of mortality, and shall soon be where our doom will be fixed forever.

Every person has two educations, one which he receives from others and one, more important, which he gives to himself.

Few things are impracticable in themselves; and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.

The most selfish man is not always selfish. Let no one plume himself on a single good action.

The World's Happenings.

The pay of circus clowns ranges from $20 to $50 a week.

A Jackson, Mo., dog was seen the other day catching frogs.

By a new process a thousand shades of color can be printed at once.

Thirty million cucumbers for pickles are raised near Fredericksburg, Va.

A Lockport, N. Y., man has invented a match that will light in the wind.

Phil Armour, the great pork king, pays his doctor $10,000 a year to keep him well.

A Deadwood judge ordered a jury fed on bread and water until a verdict could be agreed upon.

In 1841 26,000,000 Britishers used 23,000,000 pounds of tobacco. Now 37,000,000 use 33,000,000 pounds.

Europe has 337,000,000 people, according to the report prepared for the International Statistical Congress.

The Governor of South Carolina performed the marriage ceremony recently at Columbia for an eloping couple.

Georgia is again coming to the front. She has discovered "a well producing water that is an effective hair dye."

A rooster that will crow when commanded to do so by its owner, amuses the people of Carpentersville, N. J.

Sixteen New Yorkers, with an aggregate weight of 3501 pounds, sat down to a clambake breakfast at Norwalk, Conn., recently.

Ex-Senator Ferry, of Michigan, who failed in 1873 for $1,500,000, has since worked hard and paid off $1,200,000 of his debts.

"The Father of Six Monkeys; or, The Prophet of Penon," is the unique name of a popular play now running in the City of Mexico.

An ingenious Boston man has invented a missile to throw at umpires, which can be furnished by the ushers in any quantity at small cost.

Sly dog owners of Lansing, Mich., ornament their canines with beer checks, baggage checks, old medals, etc., instead of regularly paid license checks.

"The Son of the Five Clawed Green Mountain Dragon," a Chinese astrologist, or "face observer," as the Chinese call him, is holding forth in New York.

London has a great problem. It has 2,000,000 people unable to get into a place of worship. In Central London, with 1,000,000, there is only accommodations for 600,000.

The slide trombone, the most perfect of brass musical instruments, is the sackbut of the ancients, and was revived about 1790, after a model found among the ruins of Pompeii.

A Providence, R. I., undertaker, whose wife died lately, embalmed the body with fluid of his own manufacture, and so successfully did it work that he has placed the body on exhibition.

Color blindness is twice as common among Quakers as it is among the rest of the community, owing to their having dressed in drab for generations, and thus disused the color sense.

Nelson D. Bromley, of Waterloo, Wis., transferred $50,000 worth of property to Emily D. Arndt, a spiritualistic doctor, because the spirit of his dead wife, through a medium, told him to.

It is reported that a Calera, Ala., negro let a rattlesnake bite him for a present of 50 cents, and that a clay poultice on the wound and a heavy dose of whisky with plug tobacco in it saved his life.

The difference in cost to railroads between 1000 signs reading "Look out for the locomotive" and the same number reading "Danger" is $600, and it has been found that the latter are more effective.

Probably the biggest yoke of oxen in the world are on exhibition at the Eastern Maine State Fair this week. They were raised in Vermont, and measure ten feet in girth and actually weigh 7000 pounds. It cost to raise them up to their great weight over $1000.

A big rent roll does not necessarily indicate a big income. In an assignment sale in Xenia, Ohio, $15,000 worth of notes for small amounts, given by tenants in the past few years for rent due, were offered for sale, and the entire bunch was knocked down to a speculator for $35.

A coachman in London, unable to restrain his wrath at seeing a man maltreat and finally use his feet upon a prettily dressed child, that cried piteously the while, knocked the man down and rescued the little urchin, which proved to be a "dummy." The man was a ventriloquist.

Some of the Western papers are inclined to think that the new law in New York requiring a rope to be placed in each sleeping apartment will prove a double convenience, and will not only assist in case of fire, but also in the event of a "board bill jumper" wishing to get out the back way with his baggage.

A young lady who became charmed last winter with a good looking youth, who said he was Charles Arrowby, a Boston artist, in search of health, has begun proceedings in New York to have her marriage with him annulled. He turned out to be Jacob Smith, a Gotham sign painter, with a wife and two children.

A teamster at Kansas City, Mo., was so cruelly abusing his horse one day recently that a young lady exclaimed in her indignation: "You brute, I wish you would fall off and break your neck!" He almost immediately overturned his loaded wagon upon himself, and died from his injuries shortly after.

A cheerful view, if not a strictly correct one, is taken of a seeming misfortune by a Texas paper, which observes: "It is a good thing that the cattle in Texas are dying off, for when they die off they decrease in number; when they decrease in number they become more valuable; when they become more valuable their owner becomes wealthier. Therefore it is a good thing for the cattle to die off.

SUNSET MUSINGS.

BY RITA.

As I sit beside my window,
  At close of summer's day,
And see the glorious sunset
  Its colors bright portray,
A thought comes stealing o'er me,
  And memory's guiding star
Brings back an old but sweet refrain
  Of heaven's gates ajar.

Why do those lines recur to me
  While gazing in the west?
Why do I think of gates ajar
  And heaven's eternal rest?
I like these twilight thoughts of mine,
  They seem so sad and sweet;
To liken golden sunsets
  To heaven's golden streets.

And after this, while musing
  At pensive twilight hour,
A-thinking of the sunset,
  And of God's gracious power,
This thought will be the sweetest,
  Its beauty none can mar,
Of God's eternal glory,
  And heaven's gates ajar.

Untrodden Ways.

BY JEANNIE BRITTANY.

IN central France the explorer may still find such solitudes that the footsteps of a stranger awaken a kind of panic in the life of hills and woods.

Visiting the streams of the upper Loire a few years ago on a holiday trip, I had travelled for some hours since leaving the last beaten track, leading my bicycle when the ground undulated too much. Hot and tired, I hailed with no little pleasure the inviting shade of a deep valley. I had come upon it suddenly and unexpectedly, so hidden away was it in that sea of hills.

As I descended into its cool shade, leaving my bicycle above, the rabbits stood perfectly still and looked at me; the birds hesitated long enough for me to have caught them before they understood that flight was necessary.

It was a delicious spot, an ideal Eden, and it was springtime; and I, in my spring, fairly revelled in the scent of the hyacinths and the lily of the valley, and the starry primroses on the soft green banks spread like a golden carpet mingling their own subtle perfume with that of the hyacinths and lilies. What a contrast it all was to the smoky town I had escaped from for a brief holiday, and the grim office of the lawyer, for whom I had the privilege of copying deeds.

I was seized with a mad desire to build myself a hut in this dale, and quietly retire beyond human ken and following, to dream the dreams that were plentiful enough in me at that time, without any musty parchment to bring me down from the clouds, or a green-baize door to shut me in with the stern matter-of-fact of the law. This idea came as a suggestion merely, to smile over, but it took greater possession of me at each moment as I wandered on down, down into the dale.

There was a merry little stream at the bottom curvetting over a shallow sand-bank, and losing itself among the trees at a turn of the valley. How cool and sparkling it was. I was about to remove my boots and stockings and behave like a child at the seaside, when my eyes suddenly fell upon a mound which seemed to be artificial. It was shaped like a grave, and was on the opposite side of the stream. I walked through the water, boots and all. I was always curious, and a trifle impatient.

A moment brought me to it, and I felt much as Robinson Crusoe must have done when he came upon the footprint on the sand. Upon this mound, which I could no longer doubt was a grave, lay a wreath of fresh-gathered flowers. I stared at them till the blue of the hyacinth blended with the gold of the primrose and produced a prismatic effect. I closed my eyes and looked again. There could be no doubt of it. There was the wreath; so fresh and dewy, it could not have been placed there many hours. It was woven with grasses upon a willow stem. I would have touched it, but it seemed profanation; and as I stood there the wooded hills on either hand echoed such bird song as I had never dreamed of. I felt as if I had come into an enchanted land, and longed, yet feared to awake from my delusion.

My delusion deepened upon me; for now, amid the shrill music of the myriad birds, I heard a joyous human soprano rising and falling in an exquisite song that harmonized with the laughter of the stream, the gentle music of the rustling leaves and the bird chorus.

My delusion deepened still further, for now I seemed to see my bicycle descending the valley, with my valise strapped to it, and the glinting sunlight striking on it brightly now and then. But as I gazed in a sort of stupefaction, my delusion reached its climax.

That bicycle was being led by what must have been the nymph of these woods, to whom the soprano voice seemed to belong. She was dressed in green, which accounted for my not seeing her sooner, so did her robe blend with the nature-tints about her.

The words of the song reached me now. They were in French. It was no delusion, then, but a reality.

Whether I connected that gay creature with the grave by which I was standing or not I cannot tell. A feeling of awe, akin to the supernatural, had possession of me. Had I known that the earth was going to open, I should still have stood by that grave watching her.

Softly and lightly she trod the valley, her twinkling white feet seeming scarcely to bend the blades of grass. And between the wild snatches of her song, she laughed a laugh which the silver stream must have taught her, and stopped to touch my bicycle here and there, as a child might some new toy. Finally, she laid it against a bank, and throwing herself at full length upon the soft turf, she gazed at it, and burst into song once more. And all this time I stood beside the grave with the fresh wreath upon it, drinking in this vision of beauty.

She could not be more than sixteen, and her short dress made her look even younger. How soft and mellow was the brown of her hair which streamed on the turf and over her bare arms. Hair so cared for, so well-kept in this solitary place, that it seemed to me there must yet be another here. And how exquisitely white and pink were the little feet in the shadows. The bodice of her simple dress was a kind of pelerine crossed upon her breast and knotted behind, and round her white throat she wore a string of coral beads.

I had time to note all this before she rose from the grass and began to experiment with her new toy. She had evidently no idea of its use, for at length with a gesture of impatience she turned from it, and her eyes fell upon me.

There could be no reason in it, but I felt like a criminal. What right had I to be watching her so without her knowledge? She had held me spell-bound; she also released me. For, with a cry of terror, much like some animal might give who has seen his comrade struck down by a gun and knows it is pointed at him, she flung her white arms into the air, and fell violently forward.

I rushed through the stream, when she had thus restored my power of motion, and was instantly at her side raising her, and chafing the little hands, which I now saw were tanned and freckled, but of exquisite form and mould. But the face! Had ever wood-nymph such a face? Who and what could she be? The proud upper lip spoke of a long and noble line of ancestors. The lines of her face, the poise of her head upon those graceful shoulders, all spoke her of noble descent. Yet this strange garb, what could it mean?

The eyes remained closed. I ran to the stream and filled my hat with water, with which I sprinkled her face. She had sung in French; I now addressed her in that language.

She first smiled, and then opened her eyes. Oh, those eyes, to be thus looked into at so small a distance and in such a lonely spot—soft, velvety, melting brown. But as the sweet eyes revealed themselves, the smile died, and a look of proud inquiry took its place, and she asked me how I came to be there, as a princess might rebuke an unbidden intruder on the royal presence.

I explained, as well as I could, that I was wandering about the country on my bicycle, leading a gipsy life for the sake of variety, nearing the towns or villages only when my provisions failed, and I had come quite by chance upon this lovely valley.

She raised herself and leaned upon the bank, looking at me critically. Then her ripe lips smiled and a sunny ripple overspread her features, and she spoke.

"Are you a prince?" she said in French. "In my book princes come so to find their princesses. I feared mine would never come. You must be my prince, and are come to marry me—isn't it so?"

I had but one sense alive as this exquisite creature spoke: it was silent admiration. She waited for no reply; but, pointing to my bicycle, said, "Is that magic?" And then leaning forward to look at me more closely, her rich smile inundating me with a wild joy I had never known till then, she added: "But, mon prince, you must not take me to the great world till my father shall return, and he is so long!"

"What need of going to the great world at all, my princess?" I cried, taking one of the little hands, and feeling my pulses beat in a wild transport at this new contact.

She looked at her hand, held within both mine, and then lifting her eyes to mine, in sweet childish confidence, said: "But in my book the prince always takes the princess to court, and I so much want to see the great world."

Innocent as was her every glance, her every word and gesture, how could she know that her words thrilled me as words had never done before? I pointed to the grave.

"My mother lies there," she said simply. "She must be happy in this valley; don't you think so? And she had seen the world. I was born here when she came from Russia. Where is Russia? Is it really so very far away?"

I had never been there, and told her so; and she looked disappointed. But the cloud rested only a moment, and seemed ill-at-home on her glad young face; and, like the child she was, she passed from one subject to another in rapid succession.

"If you do not know about Russia, at least you know about something else," she said. "Come; my dinner is ready; we will eat it together, and you will tell me about the world, and I will show you my book."

More in an enchanted land than ever, we crossed the stream, she with her bare feet; and by and by we came upon a wooden cot, painted green, and skilfully hidden away among the dense trees at the turn of the valley.

The picturesque little dwelling reminded me a little of something I had seen in Norway. There were three small rooms opening into one another; the middle one being the living room, the other two the bedrooms of the father and daughter.

The windows were like small doorways and had no other screen against wind and weather than a wooden shutter on hinges, which placed the little house in darkness when the elements were unpropitious. It struck me as odd that the builder of this pretty cot should have borne such an inconvenience. My little wood-nymph explained it by saying with an air of mystery:

"We have a lamp, you know—such a beautiful thing, bought in the great world—have you seen one? but you must have seen them, for," with a sigh, "you have come from the world. My father was afraid some one would see the light if we had windows of glass, and that I should forget to close the shutter; but who is there to see the light? When my father is away I sometimes light the lamp and put it in the valley, and the rabbits sit round and look at it. See!" she cried, "there is my good hedgehog at the door."

But I did not look at that spiny creature, for I had caught sight of a terrible pair of eyes gazing fixedly at me, and with evil intent, out of one of the door-windows. I heard at the same time a low but fierce growl.

"What an enormous dog!" I said, hesitating, as I now saw him place himself ominously in the doorway.

"Oh, Jacobin is my good friend," said the young girl, with one of her enchanting smiles; and she tried to induce him to let me enter, which, however, he showed no sign of doing, but stood his ground determinedly. My sweet hostess thought of a device, however, which changed his whole demeanor, for he gave a sulky wag of his tail equal to the bow of a man in society who is introduced against his will.

She put one of her soft bare arms about my neck, as a sister might have done to a brother, and, reaching up, approached her red lips to my cheek and kissed me, explaining that so she did to her father; and Jacobin would know me for a friend.

I began to feel that in spite of the unknown father, who was probably a conspirator, from his being in hiding, and from his having such a name for his dog, my office-stool might see me no more. I began to be amused in thinking I should be advertised for, not by my relations, for I had none but the lawyer to whom my guardian had bound me. That gentleman would not make frantic efforts to find me, however, as he himself would come into my little property in case of my death.

Now we entered the cottage together. What a Robinson Crusoe place it was. The number of ingenious contrivances told of the difficulty of bringing anything here from the towns. Nothing had been brought that by any ingenuity could be made on the spot.

There was a fire of wood and turf, and a wood-pigeon was in process of cooking. Jacobin had brought it in, the girl explained; and then she showed me a gun, almost sorrowfully, saying: "Sometimes I have to shoot, when there is nothing else; but I go on to the moor, for how can I shoot my friends in the valley? But," she added, the little cloud leaving her expressive face, "there are many good herbs in the valley, and fruits too, and berries when the year falls, and one lives well here—very well."

I added something to the meal from my own little store of "camping-out" material, and our repast was a very gay one.

When the room was put to rights, Amie—for she told me she was so called—showed me her great treasure, her one book. It was a very old and worn edition of fairy tales, printed in French. When she had turned over the pages and pointed out her favorite stories, she said with innocent mirth:

"And my prince is come too, and will marry me."

I only smiled back at her in answer. The dreamy state in which the valley itself seemed to have thrown me, and the witchery of this exquisite child of nature, lulled me into a placid quiescence in which all that followed appeared natural.

Amie placed her father's room at my disposal when night came. I did not tell her I should not avail myself of it, but when she had fired me once more by her pure good-night kiss, and Jacobin had stretched his huge form across her doorway, I passed out into the cool air, and in a rapturous intoxication, unknown even to the opium-eater, I paced the yielding turf the whole night through, and watched the stars glint down through the tall tree-tops. The nightingales had now filled the orchestra, and the night was as full of melody as the day had been. And the stream rippled over the stones—and I dreamed.

Away up the valley lay my polished bicycle, with the heavy dew descending copiously upon it unheeded. It ought to have been carrying me miles away—perhaps so. Let the man who has been placed in a like position say what I ought to have done; but do not let him say he would have done it. But my experience could never come to another man. I was singled out.

In a delirium of happiness, I resolved that the foreigner's cold steel alone should separate me from my sweet princess who had graciously claimed me as her own. I little knew how soon I was to be put to the test.

* * * * * *

In the early dawn I made a careful toilet, for I had with me all requisites to suit my Bohemian holiday, except a change of clothes. The night dews had saturated my tweed suit—I must trust to the fresh morning breeze to dry them. There are conditions when, the mind being paramount, the body is impervious to cold or wet.

I was in such a condition on this morning, and felt neither damp nor want of sleep. I mounted to the moorland above, and saw the sun rise, and wondered if I went away, and came back, whether I should find my enchanted valley vanished. But even while I thus pondered, I saw the faint smoke curling above the trees from my wood-nymph's fire. Ah! I might have known she would rise with the birds.

I descended the valley, and found her filling her little kettle at the spring. Upon her streaming hair, which had a natural ripple of its own, there shone and glittered still the record of the cool water which must have recently known her sweet contact.

At sight of me she set down her kettle, and greeted me as "Mon prince" (this was always her name for me), with all her singular charm of innocence and grace.

In the afternoon I improvised a hammock for Amie, with my Scotch plaid hung between two trees. She swayed herself to and fro in it, delighted, her little white feet crossed, and her round arms thrown behind her head, and the birds swung on the twigs above her, no blither than she.

Lying thus, I stretched upon the green bank beside her, she told me her own history. She had little enough to tell. Happy is the nation that has no history, happier still the woman who has none. She had lost her mother when six years old. Her father had cared for her with the tenderest solicitude.

It was not until she had grown tall and strong that he had left her with Jacobin for weeks together, and he always performed these evidently forced journeys with real regret. Still Amie feared nothing. She had nothing to fear, she said. Her education went no further than reading her fairy-tales, and her writing was but a sorry performance.

One evening, after sunset, she and I

paced the valley together, whilst she begged for stories of the great world, which was to her what the moon and stars are to other children. I thought and thought, but there was so little that had not the trail of the serpent upon it. Nothing seemed fit for her pure ears. My silence caused her to find a new object of interest.

"Your hair is short," she said, "and you have no beard like my father." I told her I had shaved at the stream that morning. She then gleefully announced her intention of seeing me perform that novel operation on the morrow. Then, with a critical look at my hair, she pronounced me "just right," and meditatively taking one of her own bright tresses in her hand, seemed considering an imitation.

"No," said I, answering her thought, "you must not cut it, except"—and I was cruel enough to try a worldly artifice—"except you cut a tress for me to remember you by when I go back to the world."

She instantly freed herself from my side, and standing erect and palpitating before me, seemed to wait for her grief to gather strength. Then flinging herself into my arms she sobbed upon my breast, and shed such passionate tears as I had never witnessed. "Ah," cried she, raising her pathetic, tear-stained face to gaze at me, "the prince, the true prince, never leaves his princess; then you can be no prince. But"—and her manner grew proud and determined, and love and devotion lit her too glorious eyes—"if you go, then I shall follow you, as Jacobin would follow me."

She laid her head once more upon my breast, weeping. It was delicious to be so cared for, and I let her weep for some moments before I kissed away her tears and told her that only death should part us.

After this, several days passed—such days that even the gloom which followed was brightened by their memory.

I was lying in my hammock one night when a colder breeze sprang up, and the trees bent and swayed and moaned. I thought I heard the sound of thunder. A vivid flash of lightning nearly blinded me. I rose up in my hammock and listened. A terrible peal rang through the wood. Another and another peal, and the birds began to twitter, and the echoes repeated themselves in the hills; and now there was a crashing sound of heavy rain upon the leaves.

Down it came in torrents, and the lightning played almost continuously, and the thunder kept up an incessant roar. I have never in my life seen such a storm. The wind tore down the valley, and the trees on which my hammock hung bent nearly to the ground. My bed was now as watery as the lark's proverbially is. I descended the valley, the little stream was flowing noisily, and the driving wind in this narrow gulley flung me hither and thither like a reed.

I made my way with difficulty towards the cottage. Jacobin was howling dismally. Amie was standing at the open door, the wind and rain beating mercilessly upon her. She was starting to come to me, she said, to beg me to take shelter. I entered, drenched to the skin, and breathless from the heavy gusts of wind.

Even as I entered, the wind tore up the valley more furiously than ever, and, wrenching one of the shutters from its catch, banged it backwards and forwards on its hinges till it broke away, and the storm burst relentlessly into the little sitting-room. It was for that reason that we passed into Amie's little chamber.

Her lamp was lit, and we sat hand in hand, silent, as the hurricane raged. The uproar caused by the raging wind and furious rain and clashing torrent made it almost impossible to hear each other speak. It also covered the entrance of a stranger.

There, without warning, framed in the doorway stood a man of about fifty; his eyes resembled the dog's, but they were even more terrible. He wore a beard, and his mouth was hidden by a heavy moustache. From the broad-brimmed hat he wore, the water streamed upon his shoulders, and his long coat had been torn apart in the storm.

His eyes and mine were fixed on one another; nevertheless I saw his hand, so bony and hairy, clutching at the handle of something that projected from his pocket. Could it be steel? It was.

With a cool precision he balanced that terrible weapon and steadily advanced upon me. He sought no explanation. He gave none. The storm raged even more fiercely; the cottage shook violently. The lamp upon the table shuddered and fell. The flames began to rise. The beloved book was the first to catch fire.

Nobody spoke, or the storm rendered the voices inaudible. Amie clung to me with a grip her frail form seemed incapable of. The dog howled ominously. There was a loud crash close upon us, and the rain and wind poured into the room. The shutter had gone like its fellow. All was darkness but for the liquid flame falling from the wooden table to the ground.

I took a sudden resolution. Amie was clinging to my neck. Madly I leaped through the aperture the shutter had left, carrying her with me. I fled through the storm like part of itself, my lovely burden flung across my shoulder. As I fled, glancing behind, I beheld in the lightning's gleam my pursuer.

I rushed through the stream that was now wild and turbid, and sped upward between the trees. The ground flew beneath my feet. I gained the moor, and above. Which direction should I now take? All were equally open to the gaze of my pursuer. Could I, burdened as I was, hope to outstrip him? Was I using up the strength which would presently be needed? I had not to decide the question.

A perfect hurricane of wind swerved round, from what direction I could not tell, but it uprooted trees, and they fell crashing down the valley. It threw me violently to the ground. "Oh, my Amie, we are lost," I cried. She spoke no word. On came the foreigner. I tried to rise, but found it impossible; my ankle was badly sprained. The next flash of lightning revealed my enemy advancing upon me. It also revealed us to him.

Amie flung herself across my body. Love can speak without words. Her act said, "I will die for you."

"Not that!" I cried, and I put her from me. Her father—for I could not doubt it was he—now stood above us.

He commanded me in French to rise to my feet. I expressed my inability, and cried wrathfully, "Would you kill me like a dog?"

"Ah my fine gentleman," said he, "it is now that you find your tongue," and I heard his voice between the thunder-claps, and saw his awful face in the lightning flashes.

"Parbleu, but you did not count the cost! You tracked my dove; but tell me, who shall track you? who shall seek you here?"

"Your child," said I, with all the energy of desperation, "is what I found her—the sweetest, purest thing the sun shines on."

"Or the storm beats on," added he, ironically. "Then the purest thing the sun shines on may enter paradise to-night."

The fresh voice of my darling here made music in the tumult.

"It is well, mon prince bien-aime, we are not to be separated."

The cold steel descended. I had just flung Amie from me again, when that noble dog, who knew how dear I was to his mistress, covered me with his body, and received the wound intended for me, licking my face.

It was intensely dark, and so near had I come to death, I had lost the power of speech.

Again that terrible knife descended. This time it passed through my arm. I felt no pain—I only knew it and swooned.

I must have been left for dead; for the next thing I knew was that the sun was pouring down its rays upon the drenched earth, stained red with my blood, and that noble animal, with a gash above his shoulder, had torn away my sleeve from the wound and was licking it.

Towards evening I crawled into the valley, and put my lips to the water like the dog, who had dragged himself painfully at my side. I bathed his wound, and that night he and I lay on the ruins of the little cottage; for all the interior was reduced to ashes.

I lost all count of time, but the sun rose and set again, and I tottered to my feet. Jacobin tried to follow me, but rolled over on his side. Once more I fetched water from the stream in my hat, which had remained on my head from its close-fitting shape. But the poor animal was past all help. He licked my hand, and died.

I reverently buried him, using the tools of my would-be murderer. Then I said farewell to the enchanted valley, to devote each hour of freedom from work to a search for my love—my love whose very name was unknown to me.

Her father would be kind to her, that was some comfort. Well I knew that his threat to her was empty.

* * * * * *

Pursuing my sad and apparently hopeless search for my princess, when recurring holidays freed me for a time from the practice of the law, I found myself in Paris, a few years later, at Easter. Hope still dwelt in me, for that Amie lived I felt convinced: and surely in such a love as ours there must be a magnetism which sooner or later would draw our divided lives together.

At that time all Paris was talking of "Theodora," and one evening, finding myself near the Porte St. Martin Theatre, I entered, taking such a seat as remained at that hour. I paid but little attention to the play, but, closing my eyes, listened to the soft music of Sarah Bernhardt's voice. Those gentle tones recalled another voice to me.

It was after the scene where Marcellus chose death rather than betray his fellow-conspirators, that a young Frenchman near me remarked to his companion:

"But they are droll people, these conspirators—they hate and are hated, they love and are loved. Ma foi! one would do well to be a conspirator, to be wept for by such eyes as those of sweet Belinski."

"Does she still go to her father's grave?" asked the other.

I began to listen intently.

"Sans doute—it is every day you will see her with her bonne at Pere la Chaise."

"When she marries, all that will cease."

"Marries, did you say? You do not know, then, that she has refused half Paris?"

"Is it a prince, then, that Mademoiselle awaits?"

This sarcastically.

"Ah, yes!" I said within myself; "and the prince has come with the kiss that is to awaken the sweet princess!" My pulses beat wildly. Then came a shadow of fear. This might not be Amie.

The Emperor Justinian and Theodora were now in the Royal 'loge,' and the awful scene, though different, recalled that night when she and I had been torn asunder—but I, unlike Andreas, lived; then why not Amie also?

Need I say that next morning I was early at Pere la Chaise. I stood on the rising ground near the tomb of Beranger, where I could take a survey of the whole. How long the time seemed! Yet before twelve I saw a girl of about twenty, dressed in black, carrying fresh spring flowers in her hands, and beside her was a bonne who seemed to be trying to cheer her.

That first day when I had seen her I was standing by her mother's grave. I was hat in hand beside her father's as she approached it now, with eyes cast down. Oh, how glorious is beauty when pathos shadows it! How did I note each change in the dear features? She placed her flowers upon the grave, and then I saw the bright tears slowly travel down the fair cheeks.

"Ah, ne pas cry, mon enfant! Some day, when you have a husband and children, you will be happy," said the bonne, encouragingly.

"My husband is in another land," she said, still looking down.

Oh, that voice! how it stirred my very soul! I moved towards her and held out my hands.

"Oh, my princess," I cried passionately, "not in another land, but here, here to claim you."

With a cry she threw herself upon my breast, fainting.

* * * * * *

Since then, Amie and I have together visited the enchanted valley. There were still the ruins of the chalet. There was the grave with the withered wreath upon it, and the grass had thrown a green coverlet over poor Jacobin. Fragments of my hammock still fluttered on the trees. But the past, with its dark horror, was gone; and only the present, the present full of bliss, remained.

A Point of Honor.

BY M. R. L.

IN the bright sunshine of "leafy June," Wivenhoe Court is looking its best, and inside the grey, flower-covered old house, the morning-room presents a cheerful picture.

Its occupants—three in number—have just quitted the breakfast-table, and a footman brings in a bulky letter-bag, which he takes to his master, Gervase Royston, Lord Wivenhoe, who is deliberately preparing for his morning's smoke.

He waves the man away, saying in a cheery voice—

"Aunt May, will you open it, please? I can't get this cigar to light."

A kindly-looking lady, who has turned her chair away from the table at which she has been presiding, takes a key and the bag from the man, and proceeds to distribute its contents.

"Half a dozen for me," she says; "all these for you, Gervase, and a thick one for Beatrix."

A girl who has been at the open window steps forward for her letter, which Lord Wivenhoe takes from his aunt to give her, and as he does so he cannot fail to see the very large and somewhat peculiar writing of the address.

"Beatrix," he says, as he turns to her, "this is exactly like Bob Clough's hand; but it cannot be his."

The girl stands facing him. She says, in a clear, round voice—

"Yes, it is Sir Robert's writing."

"Child!" is Gervase's astonished exclamation—"what can that scamp have to write to you about?"

"Give me the letter, please," is all that Beatrix answers.

He still withholds it, and looks completely bewildered.

"Beatrix," he says, "you cannot know what you are about. This fellow is not fit to come into your presence. Why, half the men I know will not speak to him; and as to women—— Yet he is writing to you! Is this the first?"

"No, Gervase," says Beatrix, still facing him, but with a flush mounting into her cheeks.

"Let me burn the letter," he says, crushing it in his firm hand, "and tell me I may write and say I have done so."

"I cannot," she answers, her face paling as rapidly as it had flushed, and her voice becoming low and deep: "you must give it me."

"Explain, darling," implores Gervase, going close to her and looking down on her troubled face; "tell me how it comes that he can dare to send you this."

"No, Gervase," is her low reply; and with a catch in her breath that is like a sob, she adds, "Can you not trust me?"

"Not in such a matter as this. You do not know, dear, the ill that such a man may work you. You shall promise me you will not write to him."

"I have never written, and I never will," she says, raising her lovely eyes to his.

"And yet you will not give up this?" he asks, holding up the letter once more.

"No, I cannot," she answers firmly.

He paces up and down the room in a fury of distress and doubt. The two are alone, for Miss Royston had gathered up her correspondence and departed before the first question to Beatrix was spoken; and at length he comes to the girl, and says, in tones whose forced quietness betrays the tumult within him—

"Beatrix, this man is a scoundrel, and you must tell me what right you have given him to address you, or else——"

"Or else what?" she queries unflinchingly, drawing herself up to her full height, and looking him in the face.

"I must have my wife's confidence," he answers.

"But I am not your wife yet," she says, in a hard voice; "and if you cannot trust me, I never will be. Give me the letter, Gervase, and say you will not ask any more questions."

"No, I cannot promise that," he answers; "but you will tell me about it later?" and so saying, he holds out the unfortunate missive.

"I shall never tell you anything about it," she answers; "therefore, if you intend to ask me, I must say 'Good-bye.'"

As she speaks she takes the letter from his unwilling hand, and walks to the door; there, for a moment or two, she waits, as if expecting him to speak. He remains silent, and she quietly leaves the room.

Gervase goes out of doors, and ponders on the scene he has gone through.

His *fiancee* is also his ward. Her mother died when she was born, and her father—Colonel March, his greatest friend—begged him to undertake the trust. He was killed in India when she was little more than a baby, and since then Beatrix has known no other home than Wivenhoe Court, where "Aunt May" and "Cousin Gervase" have, by their kindness, made her almost forget that she is an orphan.

When she was fifteen Gervase thought she needed the companionship of girls of her own age, and sent her to Brighton to make friends with half a dozen other damsels confided to the care of an accomplished lady. From this "banishment," as she called it, Beatrix had returned three months ago.

It so chanced that she and her guardian had not met for two years, he having been abroad in the winter when she was at Wivenhoe, and in the summer she was at the seaside with Miss Royston, or else visiting schoolfellows. So when, instead of a rather awkward, brusque-mannered girl, Gervase was greeted by a beautiful, graceful young woman, he felt as much admiration as astonishment.

The difference in their ages enabled him to see more clearly what a treasure she would prove to the man who should win her for his wife; and the clever travelled man set himself in earnest to the work of conquest. Small wonder that he succeeded, and that the girl to whom he had for years seemed a hero to be reverenced should delight in accepting his love, and gladly own that her heart was in his keeping.

Until this bright June morning no shadow had crossed the sunshine of their love, and the happiness of the three at Wivenhoe had been without a flaw. Now, as Gervase paced the shady walks, a hundred doubts and fears beset him. Did he know this girl's character as he thought he did? Where had she met Robert Clough? Why did she not at once confide in him, her friend and guardian, as well as her promised husband?

As he walked he became calmer; the matter resolved itself into a trifle, which would be crushed, as such trifles should, in five minutes' quiet talk, and Beatrix would be his, with no cloud between them.

So musing, he resolved to let her pass the morning without his presence, and rode off to one of his farms, and then to the nearest town. There he met a friend, who detained him till late in the afternoon, and it was not until nearly dinner-time that he found himself at home again.

He dressed quickly and descended to the drawing-room, hoping to find Beatrix there alone. The room was, however, untenanted, but Miss Royston soon made her appearance.

"Aunt May," he said, "where is Beatrix?"

"Upstairs, Gervase; she is not coming to dinner," answered Miss Royston, adding, "What has happened? Bee seems very unhappy, and we have expected you all the afternoon. After luncheon she went out to the old tower where you are so often together, and when she came in she complained of headache, and has not let me see her since."

"She would not tell me why she has letters from Robert Clough," said Gervase, "and we—well, we quarrelled, I think, auntie; and Bee actually wished me 'Good-bye.' But, of course, it was nothing; she will explain, and we shall be friends again in five minutes."

"Do not be too sure," said Aunt May warningly. "Beatrix is very firm and very sensitive. I hope you were not cross, dear."

"Certainly not," replied her nephew sternly; "but it is imperative that I should have an explanation. The man is a regular scamp, and she acknowledges it is not the first time she has had a letter from him. How she can even have heard his name I cannot think."

"You must trust her, nevertheless. She will probably explain it of her own accord. She may have met him when she was staying at the Peytons', you know; she saw so many people there, and we wished afterwards that we had not let her visit Sophie."

"You mean the girl who tries to be fast," said Gervase; "but I don't think even old Peyton would allow Clough to be in his house."

Dinner was announced at this moment, and no more was said of Beatrix. Gervase spent the evening alone, busy writing a paper for a scientific society. He was an entomologist, and knew more of the beetles and butterflies of Brazil than any man living, and, in support of some of his theories concerning the mode of life of these creatures, had spent much time and more money. At present he was engaged in organizing an expedition on the point of starting in quest of fresh facts.

While smoking his last cigar he thought much of Beatrix, and arranged to his satisfaction what he would say on the morrow, feeling quite assured that their reconciliation would be accomplished in a few minutes.

And Beatrix? For her, as Miss Royston surmised, the matter was no light one. She felt it to be a point of honor not to answer Gervase's question, and believed

he would make her apparent want of confidence in him a reason for breaking off his engagement. Her night was spent in rehearsing again and again what she would say to him on their meeting.

Lord Wivenhoe found in the morning that his plans for the day were again frustrated, for before he left his room a telegram was brought him, saying that the man who was to conduct the expedition to Brazil had met with a terrible accident, and requiring his immediate presence in London to decide what steps were to be taken in the emergency.

After a hurried breakfast, therefore, he had to leave without seeing Beatrix, able only to give Aunt May a message for her, and a promise to return the next day. Arrived in London, he found that the expedition ran a fair chance of failure, as the others of the party declined to start without some one thoroughly experienced as leader. There was no hope of the recovery of the doctored chief, and a substitute seemed impossible to obtain.

Gervase had been entrusted with the organization of the expedition, the cost of which was to be borne by others as well as himself; and much, from a scientist's point of view, depended on its being carried out. In twenty-four hours everything must be settled, as the ship in which the passages were taken was to start immediately.

In this crisis Gervase felt his only course was to take the place of the missing chief himself, and to send the news to Wivenhoe, promising as speedy a return as it was possible to compass.

The one day he had for preparation flew by in a whirlwind of business, but the rush of the succeeding voyage gave him ample time to ponder on the annoying chain of circumstances which had prevented his interview with Beatrix.

The destination of the party was Para. From thence they were to proceed inland, wishing to strike the Amazon again about 1,500 miles from its mouth, traversing the alternate sandy plains and dense forests of the district immediately south of the great river, and hoping to obtain a store of insects and much valuable information.

The winter came and passed slowly by. Only two letters reached Wivenhoe—one from Para, where the expedition arrived, the other from a place 300 miles up the country. These were cheery, and the second gave graphic accounts of the wild life Gervase was leading, and of the interesting discoveries that were being made.

To Beatrice he wrote affectionately; deplored the difficulty of sending letters or receiving them, but mentioned the "explanation" he was awaiting.

There had then been a long silence, broken by intelligence from one of the party that Lord Wivenhoe was very ill with fever, and that it might be months before he could traverse the distance to Para, the nearest as he could travel he would return home.

Gervase received a letter from Beatrix, saying she felt it would be better their engagement should be at an end, as she could not give him the explanation for which he asked; but as he did not read it till he was beginning to recover from his illness, he thought it best to leave matters as they were. Doubts of her affection for him made him think, perhaps, she only made the refusal of his request a pretext for escaping from an engagement which had become distasteful.

At length he reached England—weak, worn and sad. He felt no inclination to hurry to Wivenhoe, and stayed in London to read papers at scientific meetings, and discuss theories, and relate his adventures to those interested in his researches.

The season was at its height, but for Gervase the only section of society that concerned him was the learned one. He walked through the Park, scarcely noticing the crowds with which it was thronged, and mechanically returning the salutes of his acquaintances.

One day, as he was pursuing his listless way, a lady called him; and turning, he saw a pretty girl pulling up her horse under one of the trees in the Row.

"Ah, Lord Wivenhoe," she said, "I am glad to see you; they said you were back over to come home."

"Much obliged to them, Miss Peyton, I am sure," said Gervase. "How is your father?"

"Quite well, I believe," was the reply. "But I am no longer Miss Peyton; my name is Clough. Bobbie and I agreed to run in double harness some time ago, and we have to thank you that we managed it."

"You have married Robert Clough?" was Gervase's astonished remark, "and you thank me for assistance? I am entirely in the dark as to your meaning."

"Well," said the lady, "I ought to have said, 'Thank Beatrix'; for Bob and I fell in love—awfully—while I was at Brighton, at school. When I left, father wouldn't hear of his coming to the house (I had met him when I stayed with friends on holidays), and I couldn't even correspond with him at home; so I thought of Bee, asked her to send letters on to me from a friend—put her on her honor. Bee—sate as a church—told nobody, though she was angry when she found it was Bob who was writing. Jolly girl! One fine morning we were married. I can keep a curb on Bobbie, and I handle it so that he thinks it a snaffle; and I mean that he shall ride straight. Ta-ta!"

The rapid young lady touched her hat with her whip by way of adieu, and went off at a smart trot.

Gervase remained for a few minutes, watching her with a stunned feeling. This, then, was the "explanation!" He must rush at once to Wivenhoe.

A dash into his club, a hurried look at "Bradshaw," a jump into a hansom, and soon he was flying past the familiar country on his way home.

Arrived at the little station, he was reminded by the station-master's scarcely-recognizing glance that he was looking unlike himself. He had on a frock coat and tall hat, which were out of place here; and he was so thin that the garments hung upon him in a fashion which it would have distracted his tailor to see.

He soon found himself at the Court; and hearing from the servant that Beatrix had gone to the Ruin, he sped rapidly across the park in search of her.

At the foot of the tower he paused. He had caused the roof to be repaired, and had placed there a seat, which commanded a lovely view; and here many happy hours had been spent with Beatrix. Now she was there alone.

How would she greet him? Would she forgive his want of trust? His aunt had mentioned in her letter that she was looking ill; and, agitated by doubts and fears, he ascended the crumbling staircase.

At the sound of his step Beatrix rose from the spot she had always chosen for her seat, and he had time to notice that she looked pale and sad as he walked towards her, exclaiming eagerly—

"Bee, I have come to beg your pardon. I met Lady Clough in London, and she has told me of the promise by which she bound you. How unhappy it has made us! Surely it was a mistaken sense of honor that made you keep it, darling! I may call you so once more, may I not? I shall believe that you will keep your promise to love me as sacredly as you have done this one to Sophie, if you will make it once more. Do you love me still? Will you love me always?"

"I have never changed," said the girl, as she placed her hand in his; "but I could not break my word, even for you, Gervase."

The pair who walked into the drawing-room an hour later looked entirely happy, and kind Miss Royston rejoiced in hearing all they had to tell her.

The festivities at Lord Wivenhoe's wedding will long be remembered by his friends and tenants, but Sir Robert and Lady Clough were not invited to grace the ceremony with their presence.

THE PEERS IN STATE.

On state occasions it is easy to distinguish the several grades of English nobility by their robes, which are of crimson velvet at a coronation, and of fine red cloth on other occasions. A duke's robes, which when of velvet are worn over a surcoat lined with white taffeta, are doubled from the neck to the elbow with ermine having four rows of spots on each shoulder; the gold coronet, or circle of gold enriched with pearls and precious stones, has eight strawberry-leaves of gold resting on the crimson velvet cap turned up with ermine; his duchess has also a crimson robe and coronet—the parliamentary robe is tied up on the left shoulder with white ribbon.

A marquess has four guards on the right shoulder and three on the left, surmounted by gold lace; and the coronet has four strawberry-leaves with big pearls placed alternately on pyramidal points surrounding a velvet cap and ermine.

An earl has three guards of ermine and gold lace on each shoulder; and the coronet is a circle of gold bordered with ermine, heightened by eight pyramidal points or rays, arches springing from these with large pearls placed between strawberry-leaves.

A viscount has two rows of plain white fur on the shoulders of the coronation robes; the coronet being a circle of gold bordered with ermine, fourteen pearls set thereon, but not raised on points. This coronet dates from the reign of James I.

A baron has two rows of white fur on the coronation robes, which are bordered with gold. Formerly the coronet was a mere circle of gold, but since the reign of Charles II. this has been set round a crimson cap, with six pearls placed at equal distances.

A peeress' robe of state follows in order of degree that of her husband, but for coronations there are often special orders issued.

English Peers are mostly knights of some of the great orders, and wear the collars of the same on certain days in the year set apart as collar days, occurring often at Drawing-rooms, on the King's or Queen's birthday, royal wedding, and on such other dates as the head of the realm may be pleased to fix.

As Sovereign of the several orders of knighthood the reigning Monarch wears the riband of the order, and the badge, having the robes made trained. The knights occupy a very prominent position at the coronation and on state occasions.

The most ancient orders of knighthood in Great Britain are those of the Bath, Garter, St. Patrick, and St. Andrew or the Thistle.

The Knights of the Bath for full dress wear surcoats, vest, and breeches of white satin closely gathered, or of crimson turned up with white, over this a mantle of crimson satin lined with white, and tied at the neck with a cordon of crimson silk and gold, with gold tassels.

The Commanders wear close mantles. On the left shoulder of the mantle an eight-pointed silver star is embroidered, having three imperial crowns of gold with a motto. White silk high-crowned hats with plumes of ostrich feathers, white stockings, white satin shoes, white kid buskins with red tops, gold spurs, and gold-hilted swords in white leather scabbards. The collars of the order are gold, 1¾ inch high, consisting of nine imperial crowns and eight roses, thistles, and shamrocks, united by knots; the badge, an oval medal with rose, thistle and shamrock.

The most ancient and most celebrated of all the orders of knighthood is the Order of the Garter, which is now usually restricted to peers and members of the Royal Family. The history of its origin in Edward III.'s time is a familiar story to us all, the legend being widely spread that the garter was chosen as its emblem when Lady Salisbury dropped and the Sovereign picked up the garter that she wore, saying, "Evil be to him who thinks evil." St. George, the patron saint of England, was the presiding saint of the noble order.

The first mention of the collar of the Garter occurs in the reign of Henry VII., when the robes were purple velvet, lined with white silk, and no longer embroidered with garters. In Henry VIII.'s time the riband to which the order was suspended was black; it is now blue, having been changed during the reign of James I., to its present color. In Bluff King Hal's reign a flat black velvet hat of the period formed part of the dress, but this has since been changed for one with a higher crown.

The collar of the Scotch Order of the Thistle, dating back as far as King Robert II., consists of sprigs of rue enamelled green, the symbol of the Picts and Scots; the badge with the figure of St. Andrew worn on the left shoulder, with dark green riband. On the left breast a star is worn composed of a St. Andrew's Cross, of the peculiar form associated with the martyrdom of that saint. The star has four silver rays issuing between the points of the cross, upon a field vert, a thistle of gold and green encircled by the motto of the order. The badge of the order, which displays a figure of St. Andrew, was never worn until the time of James III. of Scotland.

The order of St. Patrick was instituted by George III. (1783), and augmented by William IV. The golden collar of the order is formed of five roses entwined with six harps, and a crown pendant from the centre, viz., the badge, which is sometimes worn with a blue riband. The star differs slightly as worn by the several grades. It is of silver, with eight points, and bears the red cross of St. Patrick, similar to that of St. Andrew, with a shamrock having three imperial golden crowns, one on each of the three leaves.

The badges, collars, and insignia of these orders form so inseparable a portion of the robes of state that the history of one is intimately associated with that of the other.

Rice Culture.—The best rice is that grown in South Carolina, where the rice is sown in trenches, which are a quarter inches apart and flooded to a depth of several inches. The water is then drawn off, and later the fields are flooded again, to kill the weeds. The water is allowed to stand almost two weeks this time, and is not again turned into the field until the grain is nearly ripe. Marshy places are not so good as well-irrigated land.

Most of the rice used in Europe is imported from India. There, and also in China, the hills are chosen rather than the plains, and are so well irrigated that often it is only with the greatest difficulty that the fields can be weeded on account of the water. In some districts canals are carried along the hillsides. Upland rice is a species cultivated in Ceylon and Hungary. It requires dry land, neither flooded under water.

The only States which cultivate rice for market are South Carolina and Georgia. Rice will not grow as far north as Minnesota. What the Indians used there is Canadian or wild rice, which grows abundantly in the Northwest, in rainy places, and often on the margin of the lakes. It reaches the height of seven or eight feet, and the long and narrow seeds make a nourishing meal, of which the Indians are very fond.

How a Wild Cat was Tamed.—A black cat, which lived in a country house, and which was so wild that it never approached any one except when it wanted food, all of a sudden became a decent, well-behaved member of feline society. I will tell you how this came to pass. One day there was found in a spring-trap, in the grounds of this house, a tabby cat which had been caught by the paw. The poor thing was in such pain that it was thought it would have to be killed to put an end to its misery. On looking at the wounded paw, however, it was believed it could be healed, and so the injured cat was taken into the kitchen and placed in a comfortable basket by the fire. This had hardly been done when the wild black cat pushed through the crowd of onlookers, and going straight to the basket, at once began to lick the other cat's crushed paw. From that moment the black puss was an altered creature. Its fierceness left it and it became tamed, or, as we say, domesticated. The bruised foot soon got well, and the two cats lived happy in the house ever afterwards.

Municipal suffrage has been granted by parliament to the women householders of Belfast. Women householders have had municipal suffrage in England for eighteen years, and in Scotland for four years; but this is the first step that has been taken toward extending the same right to the women of Ireland. There are now about 8,000 women householders in Belfast who will be entitled to vote under the new law.

Anger is an affected madness, compounded of pride and folly, and an intention to do commonly more mischief than it can bring to pass; and, without doubt, of all the passions which actually disturb the mind of man, the one most in our power to extinguish, at least to suppress and correct, is our anger.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Quite a comic incident in Faneuil Hall Square amused lookers-on the other day. A well-known gentleman, quite prominent in temperance work, was proceeding hurriedly along, when he stepped upon a banana peel, which, "like death, levels all rank," and out from a parcel which he was carrying shot a bottle of brandy, the glass receptacle being dashed to pieces and the liquor sprinkled about. Among those who witnessed his fall were several gentlemen who knew him well, and who, knowing his confirmed temperance principles, rallied him upon the loss of his liquor. In vain did he plead that he was taking the brandy home for domestic purposes, his tormentors put aside all his attempts at explanation, and gravely lectured him upon the evils of the dram cup.

"Take my advice, and when you get a prescription put up at a drug store never ask how much it is," said one gentleman to another the other day. "Why not?" he was asked. "Because the clerk will 'size you up,' as the boys say, guess how much money you have got, and charge you your pile." "What do you advise?" "Just this. When the urbane compounder of medicines hands forth your prescription just look wise and lay down a quarter. He will look at the quarter, study a minute, and then make up his mind that he has been foolish enough to sell you that same dose for twenty-five cents at some past time, and he'll take it and not say a word. Lay down a dollar, however, and it will be just the same—no change. Try it and see."

Corporal punishment is banished from all schools in France. If a master were to strike a boy the odds are ten to one that the boy would defend himself and threaten the master with the first object—inkpot or book—he could lay his hands on. Boys are punished by means of long and weary impositions. When they seem incorrigible they are expelled. And for a boy to be expelled from a French school is no light matter, for the doors of all the others are closed to him, and the faculties may even refuse to allow him to stand as a candidate for the university degrees. His prospect in life may be ruined forever, for in France a man who is neither B. A. nor B. S., cannot study medicine or the law; he cannot enter the military schools, or be named for any of the Government posts at home or abroad. Business is the only opening left to him.

Two ladies took a fancy to a voyage in a yacht, and accordingly hired one for the summer. They were young and pretty, and heiresses, but with a duenna they determined to see as much as possible of the French coast, as well as of the south of England, as could be seen in three months. Their yacht had been fitted out when they hired her, the owner, who had been just starting for a cruise, having been tempted by the good price they offered. From the first they were much struck by the looks and good manners of the skipper they had engaged to sail their yacht; but it was not till quite the end of the voyage, and then entirely by chance, that they found out that the owner, being unable to resist a pleasant cruise in his own beloved yacht, had hired himself as their skipper, and done his work capitally, too. The end of the romance is not yet.

The director of a large girl's school in French Canada, which is patronized by many American families, tells a story of a pert New England girl—with whom the instructors had any amount of difficulty, quite naturally, in getting her to sound the letter "r". When a letter has been unpronounced for generations, it comes hard to the young. This New England girl had been lectured with for making a time over the "r" in French words that she came to regard the instruction in this particular as a great bore; and when the director himself took her in hand one day, and said: "Now, see here, Miss ——, I want you to pronounce the 'r' for me," she put on a look of unutterable weariness. "Now, please pronounce for me an English word," he persisted, "that begins with an 'r,' and be sure you pronounce the letter." With a snap in her eye, the American girl exclaimed: "R-r-r-r-rats!"

Says a Boston paper: "A few instructive figures touching the chief dietary foundation on which the intellectual supremacy of Boston rests have a general interest. That the bean is the basis of our greatness is well known. Vermont, it may not be so well known, is the only New England State that raises more beans than are needed to feed the intellectual fires of her own people and keep their brains running on full time. Last year only 100,000 bushels of beans were produced in the whole of New England, and more than 800,000 bushels were imported to supply the demand of the Yankee people for the raw material of culture. Boston alone, in 1883, sold 350,000 bushels of beans, 70 per cent. whereof were raised in New York State. In the same year, 4,000,000 cans of baked beans were put up and shipped to distant parts by a single Boston firm. This drawing for the raw material of civilization on New York and other suburban places, in order to make therefrom the Boston baked beans of commerce, wherewith the brains of the world are constantly being fed, is said to be very profitable business. Thus does the Boston mind enhance the value of whatever matter it touches."

Our Young Folks.

THE OWL'S LESSON.

BY SIBELLA.

THE frog was a fairy frog, but nobody suspected it, although certainly they all gave him credit for being very wise. Indeed, he was adviser-in-chief to the whole neighborhood, and was consulted on all matters of importance.

Then he was so old; that was in his favor. He talked about the winter before last, and even the winter before that, which was farther back than anybody could remember, unless it might be the donkey who was in the meadow.

But it was no good talking to the donkey, for he only shook his long furry ears, and said he "didn't care about dates; thistles were more to his taste; and what did it matter whether a person were old or young? The frog had lived by the stream as long as he could remember, and what did that matter, either?"

So you see there was not much information to be got from the donkey; and he did not know that the frog was a fairy frog; but if he had, he would probably have said, as he said about everything else which he heard, "And what does that matter?" and gone on munching thistles.

"The donkey is so terribly prosaic," sighed little Miss Linnet, in a sentimental tone. "He has no sense of harmony, and when he sings his voice goes right through my head."

"My dear, you use such long words," said busy Mrs. Wren. "With my large family—bless them!—I have not time to keep up my studies. I don't know what prosaic means, but I do know that something will have to be done about the owl!"

"Yes, he is really quite unbearable."

"Unbearable! I should think so; he is not fit to live among civilized birds. Ah, I could tell you tales, Miss Linnet; would you believe it? He actually bit my little Robins the other day, poor child! And then it is too bad of him to wake us up at night by croaking and hooting all around the place. If he must hoot—and I don't see any necessity for it—let him keep away, say I, and not disturb other people with his ridiculous tu-whooing."

Mrs. Wren spoke warmly, but she only expressed the feeling of the community with regard to the owl.

He was certainly a very selfish, tiresome, irritable old bird, and although he fancied nobody knew it, the fact was that he had been driven away by his own relations in the barn on account of his disagreeable behavior.

"Let us ask the frog what to do!" cried the birds at length. "Perhaps he will tell us how to get rid of this intruder."

So a deputation of six birds flew down to the stream, and there they found the frog paddling lazily about in the water, and evidently thinking deeply, for his great round eyes had a far off, dreamy look.

When he perceived the birds he at once swam to the side and clambered up the bank.

"I know very well what you want," said he, "you have come to complain of the owl, eh? I thought he would soon be getting into mischief again!"

"We want to get rid of him," spoke out the sturdy young martin; "please tell us how to do it."

The frog answered not a word, but plucked two blades of grass, measured them, and then bit a piece off one, to make it shorter than the other.

"Choose one," said he gravely, holding them out to the martin; "friend or foe, foe or friend!"

The martin obeyed wonderingly, and chose the longer blade.

"Friends first, foes afterwards!" cried the frog, oracularly closing his lips with a snap. "Go back and try to win the owl's heart by kindness. Each one of you must do one kind action; then if that fails, gather your forces together and drive him away. Farewell," and the frog slid down into the cool water and disappeared.

"Friend first, foe afterwards," repeated the martin, as the birds flew home to their nests. "First kindness, then force. Well, we shall see!"

The owl could not make out what it all meant; the attention that was paid him puzzled him not a little.

One bird caught a beetle for him, another brought some wool to line his nest; Mrs. Wren offered to knit a comforter for his throat, because he was accustomed to go out at night; and Mr. Tom Tit, a rising young lawyer, proposed to read the newspaper to him for an hour every day.

But the ill-tempered owl received these overtures in the most boorish manner. He even snapped fiercely at Jenny, Mrs. Wren's eldest daughter, when she came with a broom to sweep out his house, which sadly needed some spring cleaning.

The poor little thing flew home quite frightened to her mother, who said more decidedly than ever that "it was high time something was done about the owl; otherwise she and her family must leave the neighborhood."

Something was done, too, and who could describe the owl's surprise and anger when he was one day set upon by the whole troop of birds, and forcibly driven away from the place?

Although he was large and strong he had no chance against the number that assailed him; indeed, if he had not quickly decided that discretion was the better part of valor, and taken flight, I think he would have been killed.

When the donkey heard that the owl was gone, and what a glorious battle there had been, he stopped eating, and appeared to consider the matter deeply.

But all he said was, "And what does that matter, I'd like to know?" and walked away.

Certainly, as Miss Linnet said, the donkey was very prosaic, and had no fine feelings at all.

* * * * * *

It is not very amusing to live by oneself in a hollow tree with no one to speak to, especially when one is getting old and stiff. The owl tried to pretend to himself that he rather liked it, but really and truly he found it very dull.

However, his pride would not allow him to admit that he had been in the wrong, so there in the tree he sat and sulked, and sat and sulked—the most melancholy, miserable owl that ever lived.

Everyone shunned him, and he rarely left his tree except when obliged to seek for food.

"You don't look very happy up there," said a voice, suddenly breaking in upon his meditations.

"Who are you?" cried the owl, startled. "Oh, it's only the frog!" in contemptuous tones.

The frog's round eyes flashed, but he only said politely—

"I was passing this way, and thought I would give you a call, neighbor. You don't look well; isn't it rather quiet up there all by yourself?"

Softened by his friendly manner, the owl replied, a little huskily—

"Well, yes, it is quiet; but I never went much into society at any time."

The frog sat down at the foot of the tree and began in a confident at tone—

"You don't look at all well, and I want to cure you. I am a physician, you, of course, know."

"Two months before the owl would have flown at any one who dared to suggest such a thing as his being ill; now he was so changed that he only said, sadly—

"I've got a dreadful pain at my poor heart."

"I know you had," cried the frog triumphantly. "My dear friend you have got into the clutches of a bad, cruel fairy, and she has put a chain around your heart, and you will never be happy or well until it is broken. She is called the Fairy Selfishness, and you would hardly believe what a number of slaves she has."

The owl looked bewildered.

"What am I to do?" he asked in a perplexed tone.

"Listen," said the frog, impressively. "You have lived a most selfish life. Your family drove you away and so did your friends, and you deserved it. Now, to get away from the Fairy Selfishness, you must perform some kind, unselfish action. The first time you receive the thanks of any creature, however humble, and merit them, mind, the chains around your heart will break, and you will be well and happy. But you must make haste, for there is no time to lose."

The frog hopped away, leaving the other to ponder over this strange advice.

How did the frog know anything about it? It was certainly very odd, but perhaps, after all, there might be something in it.

He was to do some act of kindness, was he? Yes, but what was it to be, and how was he to set about it?

He did not really know how to begin—he was so much out of practice. Besides, the other creatures avoided him, and got out of his way, so that the owl began quite to despair.

One night, however, he was slowly flying home, when he espied a small dark object, scurrying along the ground.

It was a brown ant hastening home after a party, and the owl made a sudden swoop down upon her.

"Spare me! Spare me!" cried the ant piteously.

The owl was very hungry, but just as he was going to swallow his little brown prisoner he thought of the frog's advice.

"Go, I will not harm you," said he releasing the ant, who instantly flew under a bush. "If she had only said one word of thanks," he thought regretfully. "But never mind—never mind."

But the next day when he was sitting in his dim, lonely nook, he heard a strange sound, like the tramping of thousands of little feet.

Popping his head out of the window, he perceived the frog down below, his face beaming with delight, and a large branch in his hand, with which he was marshaling up regiment after regiment of ants.

"See, see!" he cried joyously. "You spared the life of the Queen of the Ants last night, and her subjects have come to thank you."

The owl blinked; perhaps the light dazzled him, but he gave a ringing "Tu whoo" of joy, and something seemed to snap within his breast.

He felt as light and well and happy as a king, and as the long procession filed past him each ant bowed his gratitude.

The last to leave was the frog, and he had a parting word to say—

"Go back to your family and friends, Mr. Owl, but remember, selfishness always means unhappiness. You have managed to get out of the Fairy's clutches this time, but I warn you she will be always on the watch to catch you tripping again; so you must be careful, as you may not escape so easily another time, my friend. You should try how many kind actions you can perform every day, for that is the real way to keep her at a distance."

The owl had been so wretched and so miserable that he never forgot the lesson he had received, and from being a grumpy old thing he presently became one of the liveliest and most amiable birds that ever lived; in fact, quite an ornament to society.

ON STILTS.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

HARUM-SCARUM Maggie sat on the top of the garden wall.

"Betty," said she, "look over there. Do you see the meadow is flooded? If it were only not washing-day we might try my grand plan."

"Maggie, what is the good of saying that? It is washing-day, and you know mother told us to watch the clothes."

Betty spoke very virtuously, but as she leaned against the gate she looked towards the meadow longingly.

Maggie sat quite still for two minutes, thinking. She was thinking how she would help mother by staying all day in the garden with baby and Betty, how she would watch the clothes to see that they were not blown down by the wind, and how nice it was to be such a useful girl. Then the thought came into her head that if she were a boy she would not have to mind babies and clothes, and, becoming discontented, she turned to Betty with a sigh.

"Oh Betty! why was not I born a boy?"

"What do you want to be a horrid boy for?" said her sister.

Another sigh was at first the only answer, then Maggie exclaimed energetically, "If I were only a boy I could hunt wild boars."

As she spoke, she waved her arms about, overbalanced herself, and tumbled off the wall.

Betty rushed to the rescue at once. Maggie picked herself up slowly. She did not cry, for she was a brave little girl, but only said, "Betty, I must have fallen on something very hard, my forehead hurts me so much."

Stooping down to see what the something was, she found she had fallen on some pieces of wood.

Forgetting her pains and aches, she cried, "Betty, why here are my stilts—those that cousin Bob gave me. Now for my plan—my grand plan;" and then flinging open the gate, she ran headlong down to the meadow.

Betty was too much astonished to do anything but follow her sister.

When she reached the meadow she found Maggie mounted on the stilts.

"Don't you follow me, Betty," she said, "because it is so wet. I am going across on my stilts to get some king-cups for mother. Won't she be pleased? and is it not a grand plan?"

Betty was delighted, and only thought, as she had often thought before, what a kind considerate girl her sister was.

Maggie, meantime, walked carefully along, and managed to reach the place where the king cups grew. The golden flowers looked very beautiful with the sun shining on them.

"I don't quite see how I shall manage to pick the flowers while I am on the stilts—do you, Betty?" shouted Maggie.

Betty was too far away to hear. Maggie turned round to speak to her sister, but in so doing missed her footing, and fell on her face into the marsh.

Betty screamed, and baby, having nothing better to do, followed her example.

Once more Maggie picked herself up. She felt very wet, muddy and sticky, and almost inclined to cry. Then she remembered that it would be much easier to pluck the flowers now she was on the ground, and so became cheerful again.

A big bunch, quite as many as the little girl could hold, was soon gathered, and then Maggie began to think of rejoining Betty! She picked up her stilts, but, alas, one was broken by her fall.

"Betty dear," she called out, "my stilt is broken, so I must take off my shoes and stockings and wade."

This was soon done, and Maggie enjoyed the first part of her journey very much, for it was delightful to feel the cool water on her feet; but it became rather slippery, and she dropped her flowers, so that when she finally reached Betty she was rather tired.

"Dear me, Betty, it isn't easy work picking king-cups, and, after all, I have only brought back one flower. I am very dirty, I shall need a washing." Then Maggie stopped for she remembered the clothes she was to have watched. Quickly she and Betty ran to the spot, and looked into the garden. There, alas! blown down by the wind, lay two clothes-lines, with some of the clothes dragging in the mud.

"I can't think why I did not remember the clothes, Betty," said Maggie, then stopped as the thought struck her that she was the one who ought to have remembered them. "What will mother say?"

* * * * * *

What did mother say? She said a good deal that Maggie is not likely to forget. All I know is that as she lay in bed that afternoon Maggie was heard to say to her dolly, "Ada, as long as you live never pick king-cups on a windy washing-day."

THE MOTHER.—A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on, and so hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles, the merry laugh, the joyful sports of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth; and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy. IRVING.

HOW THE RACE WAS WON.

BY S. A. W.

THE small town of Creech was gay with flags, and most of the shops were shut, for this was the day of the High School sports, and all who had time to do so went to see them.

There was to be one race for boys from ten to twelve years of age, and the prize for it was a good knife with four blades. Five boys meant to run for it, but there was no doubt that it would be won by Frank Webb or Tom Deedes; but Frank had far the best chance.

The boys of the school did not care for Deedes at all; they could not trust him, and if a mean thing was done Tom Deedes was sure to have been the boy who did it; but they were all fond of Frank Webb.

His home was a small house in Duke's Road. Mr. Webb had been dead some years, and left his wife with this one boy, Frank, and one girl, Gwen.

Poor Gwen was ill; her back was bad, and she had to lie on a couch all day. Frank was most good to her, and would give up lots of games and fun that he might have had, so as to sit by her that she might not feel dull. Dr. Stains had said once that she could not live to grow up, and Frank could not get the thought and dread of this out of his head.

* * * * * *

A small group of boys stood at their tent door, Tom Deedes in a red vest with black stripes, Frank Webb in a pale blue one, George Moore in red, John Keys in white, and Hugh Lance in dark blue.

Just then a boy came up to Frank and put a note in his hand, and said—

"That's from your home," and ran off.

Frank took it, and when he had read it his face grew pale, and he said to Moore, who was by him—

"I must go home. Poor Gwen is so ill."

The Webbs' house was quite a mile and a half from the field, and hot and out of breath was Frank when he got to it.

Gwen must be bad, he thought, or Mrs. Webb would not have sent for him like that. And then she did not write herself, but had made Jane the maid do so.

The note ran thus—

"You must come home at once. Gwen is so ill. JANE."

Up the stairs to her room he ran, and found her on her couch, but she did not look so bad, and Mrs. Webb sat at work by her side.

"Frank," said Mrs. Webb, "what has brought you home?"

"Why, the note, of course," said he. "You wrote, at least Jane did, to say Gwen was so ill, and I came off at once."

"Don't you know Jane can't write?" said Mrs. Webb. "Let me see the note."

Frank felt for it, but could not find it; he must have lost it on the way.

"Then it was a hoax!" he said, and a hot flush rose to his cheeks. "If I catch the boy that brought it me, won't I give it him, that's all. I'll be off now, though, and see if I can still get back in time to win the race."

But he was not in time, for just as he came on the field he saw Deedes pass by Moore and win the race by two yards.

It was hard, he thought, but just then he caught sight of the boy who brought him the note, and took him by the arm and swung him round and struck him, whilst he said, "Why did you bring me a note with a lie in it, and make me lose that race."

A small crowd was now round the two boys, and Tom Deedes came up to see "what was the row."

The boy saw Deedes, and said at once, "That young gent in red and black paid me to bring it to you; that's all I know of it."

Tom Deedes slunk off when he saw he was found out. But when Dr. Sands, the head of the school, heard the tale, he sent for Deedes and told him he must leave, for he would not keep a boy who could do such a mean act as that.

A MOST expensive baby carriage ordered for a favorite grandchild has wheels of oak, with springs of the finest steel, arranged like a side-bar buggy, and a seat of shell-shaped bamboo twisted into roses and morning glories. The seat is stuffed with fine hair and covered with white silk and white plush, tufted with white plush buttons. A tiny Persian rug of white with pink roses covers the floor. The parasol of heavy white satin is covered with finest Valenciennes lace, and lined with pink, and the family crest adorns the sides. The little heiress reposes in this abode of luxury, reclining on a pillow of down covered with fine linen, and an Afghan or white China silk painted in pale blue asters and daisies, with a border of wild roses, and a great bow of pink ribbon in one corner.

THE hardest thing is to keep cheerful under the little stings that come from uncongenial surroundings, the very insignificance of which adds to their power to annoy, because they cannot be wrestled with and overcome, as in the case of larger hurts. Some disagreeable habit in one to whom we may owe respect and duty, and which is a constant irritation to our sense of the fitness of things, may demand of us a greater moral force to keep the spirit serene than an absolute wrong committed against us. In the one case, endurance is all that is possible; in the other, we may sometimes rightfully fight, and there is a world of comfort in the power of action.

A SPIRIT GUARDIAN.

BY A. L. SALMON.

I think that through the dismal night
A Spirit robed in purest white
Is walking, veiled from mortal sight!

A figure which I cannot see,
And yet its hand all tenderly
Is in my own, and leadeth me.

I cannot see it, yet I know
The Spirit by my side; and lo,
Its light is with me as I go!

An inward light of love and peace
That follows me, and will not cease,
But strengthens with a fond increase!

A light that sometimes, when my fears
Are blinding me with mist and tears,
Like an uncloudest east appears.

And though I stray in lands unknown,
That Spirit-hand within my own
Will never let me feel alone.

For, when the way is dark and long,
And spectre-forms around me throng,
To still my laugh and hush my song—

When through a weary desert land
I falter, and can scarcely stand,
I feel the comfort of that hand.

What though there spreads a mist to hide
The figure walking at my side,
The gulf is neither deep nor wide;

But when at last my journey done,
Shall bring the setting of the sun,
And end of labors now begun,

I think the close of life will be
A sundered veil, when I may see
The Spirit-Guardian leading me.

NEEDLE AND THREAD.

The first historic record of the labors of the needle is connected with the raiment with which we are covered. The "fig leaves" mentioned are supposed by Milton to be the leaves of the banian tree, which is the pride and worship of Hindostan. It is considered there as especially emblematic of the Deity, from its apparently never-ending life, its far-stretching arms, and its overshadowing beneficence. It has been known to have 350 large trunks; and in the march of an army to have sheltered 7,000 men. The leaves are large, soft, and of a lively, bright green, and the fruit produced by it is a small, bright scarlet fig.

The thorns from which the "mother-of-all-living" procured her earliest needle, were a part, alas! of the curse pronounced by God, that the earth was to "bring them forth," and this was the first use of their otherwise useless spines. The white thorn which grows near Jerusalem in abundance, and which is supposed to have been the kind used for Our Saviour's crown, is by many people considered to have furnished Eve with the first needle.

Throughout the Bible the mention of needle-work runs like a golden thread, and on it are strung, like precious pearls, many of the beautiful stories most often told and loved by children, related by prophets, kings, and law givers, inspired to record them—Joseph's "coat of many colors," Hannah's "little coat," down to the story of Dorcas, restored to life by St. Peter, and the coats and garments she had left as a testimony alike of her close industry and of her love to the poor of the flock.

Recent writers have taught as much regarding the symbolic nature of Eastern habits, and of the reason for the adoption even of their clothing. In "Oriental Illustrations" we find a mention made of the "coat of many colors" or patch work. Sometimes the children of the Mohammedans have their jackets embroided with gold and silk of various colors. If a child be clothed in a garment of many colors it is believed that neither evil tongues nor evil spirits will injure him, because the attention is taken from the beauty of the person to that of the garment. Children (in the present day) seldom wear them after they are eight years old, though it must have been the custom amongst the ancients referred to in the Bible to wear them longer.

In former days, the arraying of a person in rich robes was a very high compliment; and it was one of the ancient methods of investing with the highest degree of subordinate power—Joseph being thus arrayed by Pharoah, and Mordecai by King Ahasuerus. The purple robe put on our Blessed Lord in mockery, thus finds its deepest and most purely symbolical meaning.

In the primitive days of Christianity the Apostle and Fathers of the Church were much exercised on the subject of the dress and fashions. We shall understand the situation if we consult some of the early writers, for they give an account of garments inscribed with verses and titles and decorated with figures of men, women, and animals, and even cities and towns were also depicted on them.

The following description is from a homily on Dives and Lazarus by a Bishop of the second century:—"They have here no bounds to this foolish art, for no sooner was the useless art invented of weaving in figures in a kind of picture—such as of animals of all sorts—than rich persons procured flowered garments, and also those variegated and embroidered with an infinite number of images, both for themselves, their wives, and their children. . . . . Whenever thus attired, they go abroad—they go, as it were, painted all over—and point out to one another with the finger the pictures on their garments.

"For there are lions and panthers, and bears, and bulls, and dogs, and woods, and rocks, and huntsmen; and, in a word, everything that can be thought of, all drawn to the life—for it was necessary, forsooth, that not only the walls of their houses should be painted, but their coats also, and likewise the cloak which covers it."

Down to very recent times, and in all ages, the great occupation of female life has been needlework, whatever form it may have taken—viz., that now called "plain," or the ornamental, which is now known as "fancy" or more lately "art" needlework. It does not appear, however, that our ancestors made any such distinctions; and very naturally, too, for, if we may judge from the beauty of the work on the little shirt made by Queen Elizabeth (when Princess) for her brother, Edward VI., which was exhibited some years ago in London, or from the story told of the chemise embroidered in gold and silver, which was preserved as a memorial of one of the wives of Henry VIII., the ancient needlework was truly artistic, and might be called "fancy work" as well, being also employed on the very articles which we regard as peculiarly dedicated to "plain sewing." We wonder unceasingly at the good sight and at the marvellous patience of those dames of centuries ago, and the women of to-day in some respects, may certainly sit at their feet and learn from them with great advantage.

Grains of Gold.

Patience is the art of hoping.

Conscience is the heart's safety valve.

The art of pleasing is the art of deceiving.

The virtue lies in the struggle, not in the prize.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

Adversity makes many culpable and reckless persons.

The less we deserve good fortune, the more we hope for it.

What is called moderation is sometimes feebleness or incapacity.

Prove yourselves grateful. A grateful heart can never be a wicked heart.

We are forced to respect the gifts of nature, which neither fortune nor study can give.

If the passions sometimes influence us more than the judgment, it is because they give us more force to execute them.

It is false that equality is the law of nature. Nature has made nothing equal. Her sovereign law is subordination and dependence.

To listen kindly is often an act of the most delicate interior mortification, and helps us very much to speak kindly ourselves.

The block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.

To know how to be occupied, and never have to ask one's self, What am I going to do? is the most useful science for happiness and virtue.

To accomplish a duty is to diffuse joy; and as every moment of life holds a duty, it depends upon us to surround ourselves with unceasing joy.

A good heart is the sun and moon, or, rather, the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps its course truly.

Of all mental gifts, the rarest is intellectual patience; and the last lesson of culture is to believe in difficulties which are invisible to ourselves.

Those who are at peace with their conscience are often led to an excessive rigor. To overlook nothing in others is often a proof that we overlook a great deal in ourselves.

A gracious word opportunely uttered, is no trifle in the matter of happiness; nor a kindly smile added to a suggestion, a slight uneasiness spared another, nor even an extra act of politeness.

Femininities.

Dress goes a great way, even in love.

We can endure no vanity as easily as our own.

Nature and nurture unite to make a perfect woman.

Bluebeard's trade evidently was that of a bell-hanger.

Diamonds were first set and polished at Bruges in 1450.

Silence is golden, but it makes a woman feel very poor if she cannot talk.

New York's latest novelty is a clerks' association for marrying rich women.

A petulant youth in Bradford, Pa., wears mourning for his mother's re-wedding.

Every beautiful, pure and good thought which the heart entertains is an angel of mercy.

There is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

Fleas, one who has tried it asserts, may be driven away by scattering flour of sulphur liberally about.

A newspaper poet demands to know "Where are the girls of the past?" Bringing up the girls of the future.

It is considered in England and Scotland unlucky to cut the baby's nails or hair before it is twelve months old.

Eve never bothered Adam about the Spring fashions, but she was the first woman to adopt the Fall style.

At Highland Falls, N. Y., some days ago, a resident visited a dying friend and dropped dead at the latter's bedside.

The youngest daughter of Mr. Gladstone is the principal of the college for young women at Newham, near Cambridge.

A female "milkman," who not only manages her dairy but pedales the milk, is a novelty. She lives at Summit, N. J.

The wearing of false hair was introduced into England from France in 1672. The practice was introduced into the latter country from Italy, where it originated.

Amiability is the sunshine of the soul, which causes smiles to bloom on her lips and expands the heart as the warm rays of the sun open the buds of the rose.

"Maria," said Podgkins, who has a family of grown-up daughters, "our girls seem like poor fireworks." "Like poor fireworks, John? How?" "They fail to go off."

Young brides are becoming more numerous throughout the country, and especially in Kentucky. At Covington a girl married recently was only 14 years old and wore a school-girl's attire.

Men are what their mothers made them. You may as well ask a loom which weaves buckaback why it does not make cashmere, as expect poetry from this engineer, or a chemical discovery from that jobber.

Some philosopher has said: "Send me the dresses a woman has worn, and I will write her biography." If a society belle were to forward him her wardrobe there would be very little left of her to write about.

There is a hotel in Sugar Hill, in the White Mountains, where the night watchman and clerk are both divinity students, and the scrub girl has been for five years teacher in a public school and speaks French and Latin.

When an Arab woman intends to marry again, she fears her dead husband will be offended; so, in order to keep him cool under the irritating circumstances, she procures two goatskins of water and pours them on his grave.

A girl of Ovid, New York, was much surprised the other day, as she was breaking eggs with which to make a cake, when from one of them popped a very lively little serpent six inches long and as large as a good-sized steel knitting needle.

Young housekeeper, to assistant: "Have you a small hand bellows for blowing the fire?" Assistant: "Something like that, madam?" Young housekeeper: "Yes, that will do. If you will fill it with wind and put a cork in the end, I'll take it with me."

Lady, to little girl on her way to school: "Going to school, my dear?" Girl: "Yes, ma'am." Lady: "What school do you attend?" Girl: "Intermediate school, ma'am." Lady: "Can you spell pretty correctly?" Girl, promptly: "Yes, ma'am. P-r-e-t-t-y c-o-r-r-e-c-t-l-y."

There is the kiss of welcome and of parting; the long, lingering, loving, present one; the stolen, or the meant-not-to-be-seen one; the kiss of love, of joy, and of sorrow; the seal of promise, and the receipt of fulfilment. Is it strange, therefore, that a woman is invincible, whose armory consists of kisses, smiles, sighs and tears?

In Chili, where women are horse car conductors, the men who make a business of flirting with the conductors are called "mosquitoes," because they swarm so thickly around the cars and are so great a nuisance. As the women are young, and pretty in their neat uniforms of blue flannel and a many-pocketed white pinafore trimmed with frills, it is not surprising that they attract passengers.

The meanest man in Boston has been reported. He calls himself a practical joker, and it is said that having noticed that on a certain day of the week a pudding was placed on the ledge of a window to cool, he bought a bean blower and a box of mandrake pills, and when the pudding next appeared he blew it full of pills. It is also said that puddings are no longer exposed on that back window.

Boy: "Say, sis, you know Mr. Nicefellow begged your pardon for steppin' on your dress and tearin' a big hole in it?" Miss: "Well, what of it?" "An' you said it didn't matter a bit, an' you was glad of it?" "Yes." "Because you liked to sew, an' you didn't know what you'd do with yourself if you hadn't anything to mend?" "Well, what of it, I say?" "It wasn't Mr. Nicefellow that stepped on your dress. It was me." "Oh, you horrid, awkward little wretch, I'll skin you alive!"

Masculinities.

A young lady's first question is, "Is he married?"

The Duke of Westminster is brother-in-law to his own daughter.

It is altogether untrue that men are better in poverty than in riches.

The selfish man has most presence of mind—he never forgets himself.

Guayandotte, Ohio, has a man named Mourning. He is a black one at that.

It is surely no wonder that a man who is on a bender seldom is able to walk straight.

A man may transgress as truly by holding his tongue as by speaking unadvisedly with his lips.

A New York dealer "gives away vests and pants, merely charging for the salesman's time."

Do you desire that your work should never weary you? Think that you are giving pleasure to another.

Be not too busty to trust or to admire the teachers of morality. They discourse like angels and live like men.

A late French definition of a parvenu is "a man who announces he has arrived without telling where he came from."

Depend rarely on the esteem and fidelity of a man who enters into your interests, if he does not in time speak of his own.

Half the misery of human life might be extinguished by mutual offices of compassion, benevolence and humanity.

Money and fame are the two things men work hardest for, and after death one is worth to them about as much as the other.

The Prince of Wales is a wise man in some respects. He makes it a rule never to talk twice in one day to an American woman.

There are some men so mean that when a woman prefers some other man they can't help thinking she is a person of very poor taste.

The politician who places himself in the hands of his friends is apt to realize afterward that he ought to have sewed up his pockets first.

There is nothing that weighs more heavily upon a right-minded man than the slow progress he makes in overcoming his faults.

Magistrate, sternly, to tramp: "The address you give as your place of residence is a vacant lot." Tramp: "Yes, yer Honor; that's where I sleep nights."

Keep ever in mind that the consequences of your actions cannot rest upon your head alone, but must reach away into the future, and taint and embitter the lives of the innocent.

Do not give a boy a kitten for a playmate, give him a puppy. Boy and kitten will grow up into a mollycoddle and a cat. Boy and puppy grow up into a young man and a dog.

He that provides for this life, but takes no care for eternity, is wise for a moment, but a fool forever, and acts as unbecomingly and grossly to the reason of things as can be imagined.

Resolute old lady, on the ferry boat: "Young man, I wish you'd throw away that nasty cigar; it's making me sick." Wavering young man, meekly compliant: "Me, too."

"Skin the Devil" is the name of the latest Salvation Army song. When sung by Happy Jack, Six-Shooter Tom, Hallelujah Sal and Babe-in-the-Manger Mary, it is said to be very effective.

George B. Maldon, of Fort Smith, Ark., has probably hung more men—39—than any other person in the world. He is a Bavarian by birth, and his work has been done for the United States Government.

Rev. William Tully slipped and fell recently, as he was going up stairs in a hotel in Hurricane, Putnam county, West Va., discharging in his fall a pistol that was in one of his pockets. The bullet entered his body near the heart, and he died in a few minutes.

If you are teaching a piece of work, if you are laboring at the same employment with others, never ridicule one who is awkward. If he be so from want of intelligence, your ridicule is far from charitable; if from want of instruction, it is exceedingly unjust.

There is a hotel for colored people in Saratoga which is extremely select in its way. Mr. Broughton, the proprietor, is said to be worth $200,000. Among his guests this year have been several young colored women of wealth and position. Two of them wore diamonds of great value.

A New York clerk, Alfred Fairbanks, has lost his bride, but there is no mystery about it, as he is in receipt of a letter from her, saying: "Mamma says I must leave you, that no man who smokes pipes can live with a daughter of hers, and, therefore, dear Alfred, we part to meet no more."

A Harvard professor came near being arrested in a Connecticut town the other day as an escaped lunatic, simply because he hurried to the station without his hat. It is the wearing of hats that produces baldness, and yet the custom of wearing them is so rigid that the hatless man is looked upon as mad. This is civilization.

Some of the bets made during the reign of George III. were rather comical. Lords Alvanley and De Ros once made a wager over night in the partridge season as to who would make the biggest bag on the morrow, it being part of the bet that each should carry what the other shot. Alvanley, at the close of the day, finding that he had no chance of winning, shot a donkey.

Twelve golden rules for boys: Hold integrity sacred; observe good manners; endure trials patiently; be prompt in all things; make good acquaintances; shun the company of the idle; dare to do right, fear to do wrong; watch carefully over your temper; never be afraid of being laughed at; fight life's battle manfully, bravely; use your leisure moments for study; sacrifice money rather than principle.

Recent Book Issues.

From Russell & Co., musicsellers, No. 126 Tremont street, Boston, we have received Vol. 8 of their Choir Selections, containing an excellent and mainly new "Episcopal Service," by S. B. Whitney. Price, 35 cents. "Volunteer Guards," a splendid four-voice song, 30 cents; "The Dove and the Message," an effort better in its intention than results, 40 cents; and a first-class swinging topical song, "The Land of the Man in the Moon," 40 cents.

"According to Promise; or the Lord's Method of Dealing with His Chosen People," is a new book by Charles H. Spurgeon. These are brief practical homilies on Scripture themes, the most of them based on appropriate texts of Scripture. They possess all the characteristics of the renowned author—spirituality, scripturalness, directness, fidelity and experimental richness and fulness. It is a little book that cannot fail to carry cheer and comfort and strength to God's people if they will but read and heed its teachings. Price, 75 cents.

"The Cossacks; a Tale of the Caucasus in 1852," by Count Leo Tolstoy, appears in a third American edition, published by W. S. Gottsberger, New York. The first edition appeared some ten years ago, in a translation by Eugene Schuyler, and that under notice is a revised edition of the same version. It is a strong book—all of Tolstoy's books are strong—but it is also a sad book; though all of Tolstoy's books are sad. In the reputation into which the author has risen suddenly in this country, this poetic story will be read with great interest, and will well repay the reading. For sale by Porter & Coates.

"Ishmael; or in the Depths," is the name of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's best work, just republished by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city. We can endorse every word that has been spoken and published in praise of this famous book. The life of "Ishmael Worth," the hero, as here portrayed, is a guiding star to the youth of every land, to show them that there is no depth of human misery from which they may not, by virtue, energy and perseverence, rise to earthly honors, as well as to eternal glory. The story is founded on fact. It is published in a large duodecimo volume of over seven hundred pages, with portrait and autograph of Mrs. Southworth, bound in morocco cloth, black and gold. Price, $1.50. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, publishers, Philadelphia.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The Sanatarian is equal to the best monthly, treating of the great questions of public health, ever published. Its articles are always full of the highest interest and value. Published at No. 113 Fulton street, New York.

"The Children's Harvest Festival," a poem, opens the *Quiver* for October, and is honored with the frontispiece by way of illustration. Following this we have thoughtful papers on the "Growth of a Character," and "Peace Through Suffering and Conflict." There are articles of a religious nature not altogether theological but especially chosen for Sunday reading, such as "The Voice of Autumn in Christian Ears," "Reminiscences of Departed Members of the New Testament Revision Company," "John Gossner's Work for Christ," and "The Sages of all Ages. "By the Walls of Babylon" is continued, and a new one, "The Time of Harvest," by the author of "Marvellous in Our Eyes," is begun. Poetry, the usual Scriptural reading and a bunch of very pointed "Short Arrows" complete the number. $1.50 a year. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

THE LIFE OF A GRASSHOPPER.—As every one knows, it is a rule of nature that every winged insect shall die within the year, for the stage of wings is the last third of the creature's life. After all, it would be very absurd if we did not recognize among ourselves the stages of childhood, youth, middle age, and old age, which together cover the span of our "threescore years and ten." An insect's stages proceed in a far smaller compass, and the winged one is the last. It is really the old age of the caterpillar or grub.

Thus a grasshopper may be two or three years a grub, for another six months a hobbledehoy—that is, a wingless thing, half grub, half grasshopper—and then for a further space a winged grasshopper. In the last stage it marries, and there is an end of its purpose. Nature has no further need of it and does not care whether it dies or not. The slender fragility of the insect's appearance may have suggested a feeble hold of life; some grasshoppers look like the mere specters of insects. About others, too, there is a vegetable, perishable look, as of thin grass blades that a frost would kill or heat shrivel up; a suspicion about their serr and faded edges that they are already beginning to wither. But the grasshopper has nothing to complain of as to its length of life. It sings the summer in and the autumn out, and goes to sleep with the year.

AFTER a brother had made a fervent prayer at a class meeting in a Detroit church the other evening, his wife put new life into the meeting by rising and say: "Brethren and sisters, that man—my husband—is a fraud; he has no more religion than a cannibal; he hasn't spoken to me for the last two years." Then her voice was drowned by the leader's as he began a prayer.

An Excursion Frolic.

BY J. P. THATCHER.

THE excursionists had every one found rude but comfortable tables in shady spots of the grove, and had eaten their dinners, cleared away the dishes, packed them again in their baskets, which they left on their tables until supper-time, while they spent the long afternoon in various amusements.

Jim Stevens and Harold Ores had come from the ball-field, flushed with victory and tired of playing, and were rummaging in Mrs. Stevens's basket for hard-boiled eggs, when it occurred to Jim what sport it would be to carry the baskets from one table to another, and thus mix things.

"It's a capital idea!" laughed Harold, as he listened to the proposal. "Let's begin now while the folks are away. I'll take the Horns' basket and put it on Mrs. Shellcross's table, and vice versa."

The transfer was made without exciting suspicion; and, emboldened, each boy fell to the further carrying out of the plot.

Jim carried a bag belonging to the crew of the pleasure yacht Viola, far off to the Meyers's table, and brought back with him the Meyers's large dinner-basket and lemonade pitcher, which he put on the yachtmen's table.

Harold took Tom Poole's heavy coat and one basket over to the Hewstons' table, and walked back with a croquet set, which he placed under Poole's bench.

In less than fifteen minutes the tables were so transformed and the baskets so well mixed up, that the thoughtless, mischievous boys considered it wise to leave, and accordingly stole away to swim, laughing in their sleeves over the commotion which would occur when supper-time came around.

Jim kept laughing immoderately all the way to the river, and Harold continued in sympathy. They were soon in the cooling flood, and, for the time being, forgot their trick.

Among the articles changed were some photographic materials belonging to an amateur photographer who was on the grounds taking pictures of anything and everything. They had secreted his bag of negatives, and a box containing they knew not what, between two large baskets on Mrs. Walsh's table.

They had hardly got into the water before Mr. Photographer returned to the grove and began looking for certain instruments he needed to use in taking a landscape picture. Of course, his goods were not where he had left them, and, being very excitable and nervous, he tramped over the whole grounds before he found the missing articles.

Little Lizzie Walsh was sleeping quietly in the hammock when the irate German rudely awakened her, exclaiming, "What for you stole mine bag and box?" She could only look frightened and cry, while he seized the articles and tramped off, muttering, savagely, "I will look dish ting into! I will found me out if Leeple's goods can be stoled mit impunity."

After a good long swim, Jim and Harold left the water and were mingling with the happy crowd on the dancing floor. As the joke came back afresh, they both laughed heartily, and continued to do so periodically until supper time. Drawing their faces into most innocent shapes, they repaired to Mrs. Stevens' table and busied themselves in helping her spread the cloth and arrange the meal, furtively to watch the fun, which had already begun.

At one end of the grove, Mrs. Horn was looking askance from her basket, and at the others; one of the yachtsmen was growling over the disappearance of his bag.

Mamie Shellcross's cousin Annie came from the ice-cream pavilion, and thinking she would surprise all hands by spreading the table before they returned, dived into Horn's basket—she did not, of course know the difference—and in a twinkling had Horn's tablecloth, dishes and eatables on the table, and was deep into the mysteries of lemonade when Mamie arrived.

"Goodness me!" she exclaimed to Anna's surprise. "What are you doing? Where did this come from—and this—and this? Whose plates are these? Whose tablecloth? Why, Anna, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," said Anna, abashed at the rapid questions shot at her. "I only thought I'd surprise you."

"So you have!" exclaimed Mamie failing to see the real point. "Now just take those things back to where you got them, and bring our basket here."

While Mamie and Anna were in the heat of discussion, Mrs. Meyers was in a passion over the disappearance of her pitcher and basket. She was an irasible matron, and jumped at every conceivable conclusion, no matter how ridiculous. Her son Walter was the first victim of her wrath, and she caught him by the coat collar as he was running after a flying bean bag, and whisked him around like a flash, exclaiming, "See here you scamp! Where did you and Tom James hide my basket and pitcher? Speak out! No snivelling! Where is it, I say? Down at the river?"

"I d-don't know," cried Walter, almost frightened out of his shoes. I—di-did—not t-touch your basket, n-nor pitcher, either."

"Who did, then, you rascal? Move about and find it at once, or I'll know the reason why!"

"Yes'm," blubbered Walter, glad to get the hand off his collar, and darting briskly away to find the lost articles.

There sat Jim and Harold, laughing like good fellows, and refusing to tell Mrs. Stevens or those around the table the cause of all their merriment.

Trippingly up the path came Sadie Hewston, with her long brown hair flying in all directions, and herself looking the perfect picture of happiness. But the moment she reached her table her countenance changed to wonderment, then surprise, and then dismay.

She looked all round; peeped into Tom Poole's pocket to see whose coat it was; examined the contents of the strange basket, and then sat down, apparently at a loss to know where she was.

It seemed to her that she had come to someone else's table, yet she was sure it was the spot where she had eaten dinner.

Between doubting, conjecturing, looking round and imagining all sorts of disagreeable things, she worked herself into a little fit of frenzy, and actually began to cry.

Jim and Harold were close and amused spectators, and could barely repel the loud guffaws which were doing their best to force their way out.

Very soon the commotion became as wide-spread as the changes made. Here someone was searching for a basket, there another jubilantly carrying back a found article; here a boy looking for his shoes and coat, there a girl trying to find her croquet balls. Some were laughing, others crying, and others almost swearing.

It was jolly sport for Jim and Harold, and they both drank deeply of the intoxicating beverage of laughter.

By-and-by matters began to be righted, and peace again settled on most of the gathering. But the yachtsmen and Mrs. Meyers were still hunting for their goods.

Finally Walter came across his mother's basket, took it to her with all speed, and received a boxed ear for not being more expeditious.

When all was restored to order save the missing bag, and Jim and Harold had had their laugh out, they imparted the intelligence to Mrs. Stevens, who instantly administered a sound and severe lecture, to their surprise and chagrin.

She was indeed indignant, and ordered Jim to at once return the bag, as the yachtsmen were already one hour delayed in starting by not having it.

Crestfallen, and feeling very dejected, Jim and Harold walked to where the bag lay. Neither had the courage to carry it back, and each was trying to devise some plan whereby he could escape the task, when they reached the spot where they had secreted it. But lo! it was not there, and search where they would, it could not be induced to reveal itself.

Here was a very disagreeable dilemma, and how to get out of it they knew not.

Returning to the table they told Mrs. Stevens how the situation looked. It certainly seemed that some one had stolen the bag, for they were both positive they had left it where they had searched. And they now feared that they would need to pay over its value to the owners.

Feeling very uncomfortable and ashamed, Harold championed their cause, and made bold to tell the yacht's crew what they had done, and of the unaccountable disappearance of the bag.

Their story was received with threatening looks, and but for the interposition of the girls the culprits would have doubtless received a sound thrashing.

As it was, after close calculation, the owners agreed that twenty dollars would reimburse their loss; and Jim and Harold reluctantly called on Mrs. Stevens for a loan sufficient, with what they themselves had, to make up that sum.

While they were counting over the money and experiencing every imaginable disagreeable feeling, down the road and up the grove walked a corpulent farm-woman, swinging the sought-for article in her big right hand.

"Did any of you folks lose this 'ere bag?" she asked, looking all around.

"Yes," answered the yachtmen and Jim and Harold, almost in one voice; "we did. Where did you get it?"

"That 'ere boy o' mine, Jack, brought it home three minutes ago, and I tell you he has not recovered from the thrashing I gave him. I'll learn him to steal people's bags."

And the honest soul wiped the perspiration from her brow, as if she still wrestled with the invisible Jack.

Rejoiced to get their bag back, the yachtsmen walked to their table, leaving Jim and Harold to settle matters as best they could with the woman.

"I don't want nothin'," she indignantly replied, when Jim offered to pay her. "I don't 'spect pay for bein' honest. But I'll learn that Jack not to steal, or I'll break his back—that I will. You heered me, gentlemen!"

And away she trudged, clenching her fists and shaking her head so savagely, that matters looked badly for her son.

Happy to be thus so easily relieved of all their anxiety, Jim and Harold fell to eating supper. But everything had lost its flavor—even the joke.

As it leaked out who were the perpetrators of the trick the situation became anything but pleasant, and Jim and Harold were obliged to seek a secluded corner of the steamer on their way home, to escape the seathing looks and criticism shot at them.

AN amateur photographer has rough manilla albums, each one devoted to one of his children. The first page shows the baby a day old, and not a month passes without a picture of that child or some of its surroundings—the nursery, the house, its books and playthings. On some pages are family groups, in which the child figures. Beneath each picture is written the date, and the album will constitute a curious record for the future.

A PIGTAIL PARTY.

Some misanthropic or satirical individual, whose name we forget, has announced his belief that an English dinner party is the slowest thing on record.

He evidently never saw or heard of a Chinese dinner party, which, as regards precedence amongst guests, the number and order and arrangement of the courses, and tameness generally, is a vast deal slower.

The table, which is usually square and four-legged, is never graced by the presence of ladies. Before each guest is placed a pair of chopsticks, a wine-cup, a small saucer for soy, a two-pronged fork, a spoon, a small plate divided into separate compartments for melon seeds and almonds, and a number of small pieces of paper, for the purpose of cleaning those articles as required.

Arranged upon the table, in four equidistant rows, are—supposing the dinner is for six persons—sixteen small dishes or saucers, four of which contain as many kinds of fresh fruits, four more contain dried fruits, four more candied fruits, and four more miscellaneous, as preserved eggs, slices of ham, pickled cabbage, etc.

The four miscellaneous plates are placed in the middle, the other twelve being arranged alternately around them. Wine is produced first, and poured into the small wine-cups (made of porcelain) by the giver of the feast. It is polite to make a bow and place one hand at the side of the cup while this is being done. The host then gives the signal to drink, and the cups are emptied immediately, being often turned bottom up, as a proof that there are no heel taps. But few Celestial can drink much wine, and it is no uncommon thing when the least is given at an eating-house, to hire a singing-boy to perform vicariously such heavy drinking as custom requires.

The dinner consists of eight large and eight small courses, six large and six small, eight large and four small, or six large and four small, according to the fancy or the circumstances of the giver. Each bowl of food constituting a course is placed in the middle of the table, and dipped into by the guests with chopsticks or spoon; usually the former. The sixteen small dishes above mentioned remain on the table during the whole dinner, and are partaken of promiscuously between courses. Here is a bill of fare of such a dinner as we describe:

I. Sharks' fins with crab sauce. (1) Pigeons' eggs stewed with mushrooms; (2) Sliced sea-slugs in chicken broth with ham. II. Wild duck and Shantung cabbage; (3) Fried fish; (4) Lumps of pork fat fried in rice flour. III. Stewed lily roots; (5) Chicken mashed to pulp with ham; (6) Stewed bamboo shoots. IV. Stewed shell fish; (7) Fried slices of pheasant; (8) Mushroom broth. Remove—Two dishes of fried pudding, one sweet and one salt, with two dishes of steamed puddings, also one sweet and one salt. These four are put on the table together, and with them is served a cup of almond tea. V. Sweetened duck. VI. Strips of boned chicken fried in oil. VII. Boiled fish with soy. VIII. Lumps of parboiled mutton fried in pork fat. The four last-named courses are put on the table one by one, and are not taken away. Subsequently a bowl of soup is added, and small basins of rice are handed round, over which some of the soup is poured. The meal is then over.

A mouth-bowl is next handed to each guest, and a towel well dipped into boiling water, but well wrung out. Pipes and tea then make their appearance; the former, however, not for the first time during the meal. Many Chinamen take a whiff at their "bubble-bubbles" between almost every course. Opium is provided for those addicted to the use of it, and the guests disperse after about three or four hours' enjoyment.

WHEN a person becomes what is termed "blue," despondent, and irritable let him forego for a time the use of meat and live upon a vegetable diet. An excessive meat diet will sometimes bring on hypochondriasis.

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LATE AND EARLY.

"Blessed be he who first invented sleep!"
Said Sancho Panza, and I, too, would heap
Blessings unnumbered on his honored head,
If, by some lucky chance, he were not dead.

Its greatest boon he gave the human race,
And yet, no mortal ever saw his face:
Of all his history no one knows a word,
Nor yet the name his parents gave him heard.

Blessings on him, say I, and you'll agree,
In blessing him, I feel quite sure, with me,
He was our greatest benefactor; sure
Till time shall end his honor shall endure.

Blessings on him, and honored be his name,
Peaceful his rest, eternal be his fame:
But hang the other chap whose taste surprising
Made him invent the art of early rising.

U. N. NOSE.

A bad place to get out—The elbows.

Capital exercise—Turning over money.

High tied—A couple married in a balloon.

Music for an ice cream saloon—A quartette.

The strongest tied in the affairs of men is a legitimate marriage.

A man who does business on a large scale—The coal dealer.

Why is Canada like courtship?—Because it borders on the United States.

A great waste of effort is the child who cries for an hour and never gets it.

As a rule departed spirits are not so much feared as those that have been turned loose from the bonded warehouse.

Violet: "Ma, how do people know that it's a man in the moon?" Mother, sadly: "Because it's always out at nights."

The man who "has nothing to live for" calls in the doctor as quick as any other man when there is anything the matter with him.

"You say you were very lucky the first time you bought a lottery ticket?" "Yes; I drew a blank, and have never invested since."

A society journal informs us that "when a gentleman and lady are walking up the street the lady should walk inside the gentleman."

Fitz Brown, with indignation: "Sir, you have broken your promise." Robinson, complacently: "Oh, never mind; I can make another."

Brown: "Who's umbrella is this? It looks like one I lost." Smith: "I don't see how it can, for I scraped the handle and altered it generally."

We notice that as a rule people who owe a grudge never ask for an extension of time nor reduction of interest. They whack up at every opportunity.

A barking dog never bites, but the difficulty is in calculating with any degree of exactitude upon the moment when he shall stop barking and begin to bite.

"Papa," said a little boy the other night, after studying for some minutes an engraving of a human skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

Guest: "Have you a fire escape in this house?" Landlord: "Two of 'em, sir." Guest: "I thought so. The fire escaped from my room last night and I came near freezing."

Pat: "Moike, th' tells me as yez have quit worrukin' in the powder factory. Was it too dangerous?" Mike: "Dangerous? Well, bedad, I believe if I had worruked there till now I'd be'n dead a year ago."

Countryman, in restaurant: "I guess you kin git me up a nice piece of beefsteak, and have it fried rare." Waiter: "Fried?" Countryman: "Yes; you don't expect I'm going to eat it raw, do you?"

Intelligent housemaid: "Oh, please, miss, there was a young gentleman called when you was out. He didn't leave no card, miss, but I can show you who he is, 'cause there are three of his photographs in your album."

They were talking of a death, when one man asked: "What were his last words?" "He didn't say anything," was the reply. "That's just like him," said the first man, with an approving nod. "There was no gas about him. He was all business."

"How d'ye do, Brother Jones? I hope you are going to give me your vote." "Very sorry, Colonel, but I have already promised it to your rival." "Oh, never mind that. In election times promising and keeping are two different things, you know." "If that's so," said Jones, "I'll promise you my vote."

Little Margery, playing with her kitten, got a rather severe scratch from the animal. Her lip trembled for an instant, and then she assumed the commanding attitude and expression that her mother had assumed under somewhat similar circumstances toward her, and, extending her hand, said, sternly: "Titty, dive me dat pin!"

The most astonishing instance of a man's regard for his word was recently given by a man who killed his wife, whom he did not like. When asked why he did not go off and leave her instead of killing her, he replied that "he had promised, on his wedding day, to live with her until death should part them, and that he was not the man to break his word."

A lady who had recently lost her husband, and a friend were eating dinner together at the residence of the latter. "I sympathize with you from the bottom of my heart in your great sorrow," said the friend. "It must be terrible to lose such a man." "Ah, me, yes," sighed the widow: "it is only the hope of soon meeting him in a better land that gives me courage and desire to live."

THE LADY-BIRD.

This little insect, in old superstitions, is sacred to Frea, the wife of Odin, and sister of Fryer or Fro, the God of the Sun and of Love, in whose attributes she participates. The lady-bird has many names, all of them mythic.

Its home is in heaven, or in the sun, and German children tell it in rhyme to fly up thither, mount the choir (Freyja's throne), and bring back sunshine and fine weather. They believe that were they to kill the insect, the sun would not shine on the next day. The old rhyme,

Ladybird, ladybird, fly away home;
Your house is on fire, your children will burn,

seems to have some reference to the insect's ministrations to fire, the more so as the ladybird is very commonly addressed in Germany to the same purpose, and the children have a rhyme which plainly implies that the burning house is in heaven, for it states that the angels are crying about it. This little creature is appealed to in Germany as a child-bringer, and is asked to fly up to heaven and bring down a golden dish, and in it a golden bantling.

The following are a few of the names applied to this insect: "The little bird of the sun," "The little lady of the sun," "St. Michael's chicken," "St. Lucia's chicken," "St. Nicholas's little dove," "The Bishop Barnaby," "The animal of heaven," "The little bird of Mary," "The little cow," "Little bird," "Little horse of God." It is difficult to say how or when arose this peculiar idea of their sanctity. They crawl like bugs—in fact, "ladybug" is their real name—and if you push them they shut up and do not even crawl.

In Sweden, if the black spots on the wing covers of the ladybird exceed seven, the usual number, it is thought to be a sign that corn will be dear; if they are fewer in number, a plentiful harvest may be expected.

The services of the ladybird in affairs of love are pretty well known. It is, however, said that if you kill one you will be broken before snow falls. The Kentish people say they are good, when powdered up, as a preservative against measles and colic!

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.—Amongst the many illustrations that have been given to show the immense distance of the sun from the earth, there are probably none more striking than the following:—

Feeling travels along the nerves at the rate of about 110 feet per second, being one-tenth of the velocity of sound through the air; so that if a child were born with an arm 92,000,000 miles long, and should stretch it forth until it touched the sun, he would live over the allotted span of three-score years and ten, and die without knowing that he had burned his fingers, for it would take no less than 140 years to find that out through the medium of the nerves.

Yet another calculation:—If 200 yards of string were wound round a vertical stick one inch in diameter, the distance which a person would have to travel round and round the stick in order to unwind the string, always keeping it perfectly tight during the journey, would amount to over 818 miles (exactly 818 miles 320 yards).

M. DIETLER, the public executioner of Paris, is very fond of birds and music. He has a large and well-stocked aviary, and is a capital performer on the violin.

I WOULD give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better for it.

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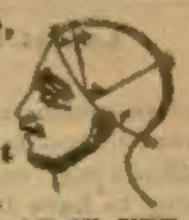

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Good sense presides to an unusual extent over the modes of the season; sufficient latitude is given for individual taste and fancy to have fair play, but outre styles and exaggerations of all kinds have been coldly received, and are only adopted to a limited extent by a few of those elegantes, to whom novelty is everything, and good taste and propriety matters of minor importance.

In chapeaux, although capotes are small and hats large, the models that meet with most favor are those which are more remarkable for elegance of form and trimming, than for bizarre shapes and colors.

Small, pointed, stringless capotes are the most popular form with young, and even with middle-aged and gray-haired wearers, when their features are small, and the coiffure is becoming.

A great many delicious little capotes are made of tulle illusion in white and light colors, either bouillonne or arranged in narrow pleatings and ruches. The trimming is usually an aigrette bow of faille ribbon, with a picot edge.

A lovely little model of this kind is in a soft shade of blue, not too pure a blue, but just touched with a green shade, trimmed with an aigrette bow to match and a little bunch of pale pink roses.

Another pretty model is in pale-lilac tulle, the crown covered with bouillonnes of tulle divided by straw insertion, and the brim covered with lilac blossom in all shades of lilac and in white; the aigrette is a tall bunch of shaded lilac, backed by a pleating of lilac crepe lisse. Other small flowers, especially heliotrope, are used in the same way.

Hats vary in style more than bonnets; those intended for traveling are practical chapeaux, in dark colors, of moderate size, and trimmed with sensible-looking flat bows, which cannot be crushed, and wings and heads of birds which rain and wind cannot injure. Other hats are eminently unpractical, but coquettish to a degree. Fanciful shapes, with very high or with very low crowns, and with wide brims turned up in some unexpected fashion in one part, sometimes even all around by strips of ribbon, abound amongst these models.

For the trimmings there are faille ribbons with boucle puri edges, reversible, plaid, striped and chequered ribbons, also of faille, and gauze ribbons in an equal variety of colors and patterns; squares of silk and of lace, flowers and foliage, are also employed for the adornment of these hats.

Between these two extremes come the chapeaux intended for more ordinary wear. These are all, or nearly all, made with high crowns, and the newest models are almost devoid of brim at the back, while in front it advances well over the forehead, and forms a real and complete protection to the upper part of the face.

A very good model has the crown draped with fine black Chantilly lace over straw-colored satin, and a brim of gold-embroidered passementerie in straw color and black. A band of black ribbon velvet is folded around the crown and tied in a bow in front, and another bow is placed on the top of the crown at the back, with a small plume of black feather tips and a straw-colored aigrette.

Modistes are doing their best to increase the reasonableness of modern attire by diminishing the size of the tournure; a small cushion fastened on inside the skirt, with a single steel for moderate figures, or two for those that are beyond the medium size, are all that fashion now requires with short dresses. The jupon tournure is still worn with trained dresses, which are apt to fall in at the knees unless supported in some way underneath.

A great many costumes, especially traveling dresses, are made with double waistcoats; one is of velvet, or a mass of embroidery on peau de soie for dressy toilette, the under waistcoat, over which the first one opens, is of surah crepon or lace. In materials there are no newer designs than chequers, plaids, and wide pekin stripes, shaded, or with chine or Pompadour patterns. A favorite style for traveling costumes will be the redingote of striped or chequered cloth, opening in front over a pleated skirt of faille, or woolen material, in a color that harmonizes with the cloth redingote.

One of these convenient vetements is of biscuit-colored checked and striped cloth with a full skirt, open in front, the bodice being also slightly full in front. The three capes are joined on the chest by a passementerie or metal clasp; the upper and under capes are of the cloth, the intermediate cape is of blue plaid velvet, and the collar and bow on the hat are also of velvet.

The second dress is of plain and pekin mauve foulard; the skirt and tunic are simple, and only remarkable for the graceful draping of the tunic, but the corsage shows a new way of combining two materials.

The chequered foulard forming all the upper part of bodice and ending in three long points at the back, terminates in front in a long centre point, shorter points ending at the chest on each side are joined only at the neck.

Two other toilets are more dressy in style and material. The first is of plain and spotted silk in a light shade; the vetement worn with this is a complete novelty, and extremely pretty for young ladies; it consists of bretelles, which may be made of velvet or of faille, forming a point at the back and meeting at the waist in front, where they are fastened under a jet ornament; below the waist they fall in long mantelet ends, widening at the edge and ornamented there with jet motifs and deep jet fringe. The short pelerine sleeves are of lace, and end in front a little above the waist; they are joined on under a row of jet beads, and long bows, the ends tipped with jet balls, fall from each one of the shoulders.

The second dress is for a married lady; the skirt is of faille, the tunic of pekin broche. The small mantle is of brown ottoman, with a richly beaded plastron at the back, and beaded ornament to match crossing the front from shoulder to shoulder; similar ornaments are placed on the sleeves, and all are in beads of various shades of brown, gold and bronze. The fronts and the sleeves terminate in sharp points, each of which is ornamented with a long loop and end of brown ribbon.

The most fashionable colors are still the gray and gray-blue shades known as Russian blue, steel gray, blue steel, and lucile; almost equally in vogue with these are heliotrope, pistachio green, and some suades of yellow, which are popular with brunettes.

In more delicate shades the chief favorites are old rose, of which there are many variations, tea-rose, orange and salmon shades of pink, wild-rose pink, and a pink shade of lilac, which is very new and pretty, but rather trying to the complexion.

Any or all of these colors are employed for dresses worn on ceremonious occasions, and are seen in faille and moire in wide alternate stripes, with satin in cerise, pale-blue, green, and orange, forming a brilliant mixture of colors of wonderful effect.

These materials are used only for the skirts of dresses under polonaises of white or black lace, tunics of guipure laize, and scarfs and draperies composed of Chantilly flounces, or of point or other kinds of rich lace.

Toilettes composed entirely of lace are also much worn; especially in black lace, these being almost invariably accompanied by two bodices, one for day and the other for evening wear.

Odds and Ends.

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Old-fashioned Irish Stew.—Supposing there is a joint on hand which is not bare, but which is not far from it, so that there is not meat to make hash or any similar dish, proceed as follows: Cut off every particle of meat in pieces not too large to be eaten with a spoon; break up the bone well and take out the marrow, if there is any. Carefully keep back sinew, veins, gristle or any portions which are not quite good to eat. When cutting the meat off a bone thus, it is usually found that there is much more than there at first appeared to be. Put bones, meat and all into a stew-pan, pepper and salt them well and add three or four large onions sliced, and double the quantity of raw peeled potatoes cut up into quarters. Pour on stock made from bones, or water, to cover the whole, and boil all gently together for nearly three hours, being careful to avoid quick boiling, for fear the stew should burn. At the last, add a spoonful of ketchup, if approved, and serve in a soup-tureen, the potatoes, of course, will be in a mash. Considering of what homely material this dish is made, people who do not know it will be astonished to find how good it is. It is very nourishing, and in cold weather very warming, and, for people who are not high-minded, is excellent for luncheon.

When cold mutton is very much broken up so that it seems hopeless to make anything but mince out of it, the following recipe will probably be approved where mince is disliked, as it is very much by some people: Cut the meat up neatly, but do not chop it; measure it, and mix with it twice as much cold boiled potatoes, also cut small. Put a gill of stock into a stew-pan, with a slice of butter and a little pepper and salt; then stir in the meat and potatoes, and cook gently, stirring occasionally till hot through without browning. Serve hot.

Cut cold beef into neat slices. Put these into a baking-tin, and sprinkle good veal forcemeat over them, and place on each slice a little piece of butter to keep it moist. Pour in some good gravy, and bake till hot through. Serve round mashed potatoes with the pieces overlapping each other, and the gravy poured over.

Cut about a pound and a half of boiled beef into slices about a quarter of an inch thick, cutting away all the fat, and setting aside the outer portion, if it is dry and hard. Take one pound of onions peeled and sliced, and fry them gently in a little butter or good dripping till they are soft and yellow, but not at all burnt; sprinkle an ounce of flour over them, add a little salt and pepper, and let them cook five minutes longer. Take the pan off the fire, pour on a pint of stock, and then stir the sauce over the fire for twenty minutes. Add a teaspoonful of mixed mustard and a few drops of liquid browning. Put the slices of beef into a pie dish, pour the sauce over, and bake in a gentle oven for twenty minutes. Serve in the dish in which the preparation was baked. Cold beef thus warmed again is called miroton of beef. Its flavor may be varied by putting a little curry paste or a few mushrooms with the sauce, and if the oven is not in working order the beef may be put into the pan and made hot with the onions.

Boiled Leg of Mutton.—Let the mutton hang for a few days (or even a week in cold weather) before cooking. At the end of that time cut off the back bone and rub the meat, if necessary, with a clean cloth. Put it into a large saucepan of boiling water; let it boil fast for two minutes, in order to harden the outside, and so retain all the juices, then draw the pan on one side and allow the meat to gently simmer until sufficiently cooked. Fifteen minutes must be allowed for every pound, and fifteen minutes over. Some persons like small, whole turnips, boiled in the liquor with the mutton, arranged neatly round the edge of the dish for a garnish, while others prefer to have the meat served alone, accompanied by caper sauce.

Potatoes.—Potato mould is an exceedingly pretty dish, and very easily made. Boil or steam the potatoes in the usual way, mash them thoroughly with a little milk, butter, pepper, and salt; press them firmly into a pretty mould which has been well-greased, then turn them out on the dish, and place them either in the oven or before a hot fire for a few minutes, to get prettily browned. This is a very dainty way of serving potatoes, and make a nice change from the ordinary dish of mashed potatoes.

Crackers.—Butter, one cup; salt, one tea spoon; flour, two quarts. Rub thoroughly together with the hand, and wet up with cold water; beat well, and beat in flour to make quite brittle and hard; then pinch off pieces and roll out each cracker by itself and bake.

Corn Cakes.—Two cups of buttermilk, a half teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon of soda (unless the buttermilk should be quite sour, in which case add a little more); stir in two small handfuls of corn meal, making a very thin batter; grease your pan well, pour in the batter, and bake it until it ceases to boil and gets nicely browned all over.

French Fried Potatoes.—Pare the potatoes, cut in blocks an inch long and a little larger than a lead pencil, soak in ice water an hour, drain and dry with a towel, have as much hot lard as you would to fry doughnuts, put in as many of the potato strips as will go in without overlaying and fry until a golden brown, stirring them up often that they may brown evenly, take out into colander and dust lightly with salt.

Ginger Snaps.—Cup of molasses, cup of sugar, cup of butter; set on the fire and let it boil up, then add two eggs, a teaspoon of ginger, teaspoon of cinnamon, a little nutmeg, salt and a tablespoon of soda scant, dissolved in a full tablespoon of vinegar, flour to make stiff enough to roll out, cut in thin cakes and bake in moderate oven.

One of the most distinguished lawyers in Paris, who lives near the Bourse, loves to tell a story of how, when a baby in arms, he begged in the streets of Paris, against his will, of course. The nurse who had charge of him used to hire him out to a professional beggar. The rage of his parents, when this nice little baby-farming scheme was discovered, may be easily imagined.

Confidential Correspondents.

M. H.—Sixteen and a half years is too young an age for a girl to marry at.

W. B. M. M.—The slang word "dickens" is synonymous with devil; and in this sense it is used by Shakspeare in his "Merry Wives of Windsor."

A. M.—The choice of a profession or calling is so delicate a matter, and, in some instances, so depends on the appearance of an individual, that no stranger ought to undertake to advise him thereon.

C. N. A.—A young lady who is frank and truthful enough to inform her lover voluntarily of her faults of temper and conduct, should be trusted by him in proportion to the gravity of the matters which she thus confides to his keeping.

B. D.—If you wish to live in peace with your relatives, you must not catch up every slight spark of offence and fan it into a flame of wrath. By being conciliatory yourself, you will evoke a like spirit in your relations and neighbors.

YACHT.—The "sail area" varies in large and heavy vessels from thirty to forty times the area of the immersed midship section; in yachts from thirty to seventy-five times. A racer is usually filled with a larger proportion of sail than a cruising yacht.

LAUREATE.—The Corinna referred to by Tennyson in the "Princess," in the lines—

> ". . . . . they raised
> A tent of satin, elaborately wrought
> With fair Corinna's triumph,"

was a Greek poetess of Boeotia, who gained a victory over Pindar at the public games, B.C. 490.

FIX.—You say you are desperately in love, and in the same breath lament that the object of your affection has no money. As you are about to start in business for yourself, that ought not to make any difference in your state of feeling. A wife is generally more valuable than money. Look at the matter in a more generous spirit. Money, at best, is only an agent. A wife is everything that an honorable, industrious, and spirited man requires; she is neither his servant nor moneyed partner.

LENOX.—The area of New York City is 39 9-10 square miles; of Philadelphia, 129½. Their population, according to the census of 1880, was New York, 1,206,299; Philadelphia, 847,170. The next city in size, according to population, was Brooklyn, with 566,663. In area New Orleans was "next," being larger than either, with 150 square miles. The estimated population in 1881 of the four leading cities was New York, 1,496,259; Philadelphia, 970,000; Chicago, 703,817; Brooklyn, 655,412.

D. C.—There are many people who take delight in circulating gossip which will make trouble between lovers. And, unfortunately, lovers are often too ready to listen to evil reports against each other, and sometimes, on the spur of the moment, they act in a way which embitters all their future lives. You should avoid making such a mistake. When your lover returns, tell him frankly what you have heard, and hear what he has to say about it, before you come to any decision on the subject.

DOUBTFUL.—If two gentlemen are walking together and one of them is recognized by a lady, is it the duty—or shall we say the privilege?—of the other to join his friend in acknowledging the salutation. "Why," you goon to ask, "should gentleman No. 2 have the privilege of saluting a lady he does not know merely because he happens to be in the company of No. 1?" The reply to this is that the privilege comes to him in discharging an obligation of courtesy, it being considered only respectful to the lady to acknowledge her salutation to one in whose company he happens to be.

H. W. S.—1. "Eureka" in Greek for "I have found it," and is memorable as the exclamation of Archimedes, the philosopher of Syracuse, when he had discovered how to test the purity of Hiero's crown. 2. Caryatides are female figures in Greek costume, used in architecture to support entablatures. The word has an interesting derivation. The city of Carya, in Arcadia, sided with the Persians when they invaded Greece under Xerxes, and after the invaders had retired, the Greeks destroyed the city, slew the men, and made the women slaves. To perpetuate its disgrace, Praxiteles employed figures of Caryan women with Persian men for architectural columns.

C. B. N.—As a general rule, exhibitions of kindness and affection, tempered with gentle but inflexible firmness, are the best means of keeping children in the paths of obedience. Harshness, and unkindness, lay no foundation for that moral and spiritual training and those habits of self-government on the part of the child, which, after all, are the only things that can be relied upon to work any permanent good to children in this regard. Where a child is governed by mere repression, either by flogging or the fear of chastisement, the moment the repressing influence is removed, the child is freed from all restraint, and left without any compass, chart, or rudder of self-government to steer by or with, and hence is at the mercy of any storm of passion that may assail him. Is not this plain? The main thing, therefore, is to build up in the child a principle or system of self-government, so that he may be able to triumph over all the powers of sin and darkness that may either assail or tempt them.

R. R. G. — "Meetings that have take place" is the correct form. The fact that the word one occurs at the beginning of the sentence in such a way as to lead the ear to expect a verb in the singular to agree with it, deludes people into thinking that has should be used instead of have. If the words in the sentence were slightly different in arrangement—as, for example, "of the meetings that have taken place, it is one of the most important"—there would be no question in the case. Everybody would then see that "have taken place" is the correct form of expression. The whole sentence is one of those idiomatic forms of expression which have become fixed in our language, notwithstanding the objections which have been urged against it. Although it is grammatically correct, it is logically imperfect. A meeting that has yet to take place of course cannot be one of the most important meetings that have already taken place. But to express the idea embodied in the sentence in a thoroughly rhetorical and logical form would be so much more cumbersome than the form in common use, that a majority of persons use the straightforward, compact, idiomatic mode, and speak of a coming meeting, or other future event, as "one of the most important events that have taken place," etc. This is in accordance with the maxim that "idiomatic forms of expression are not governed by rigid grammatical or rhetorical rules."